Hon. Daniel Pratt

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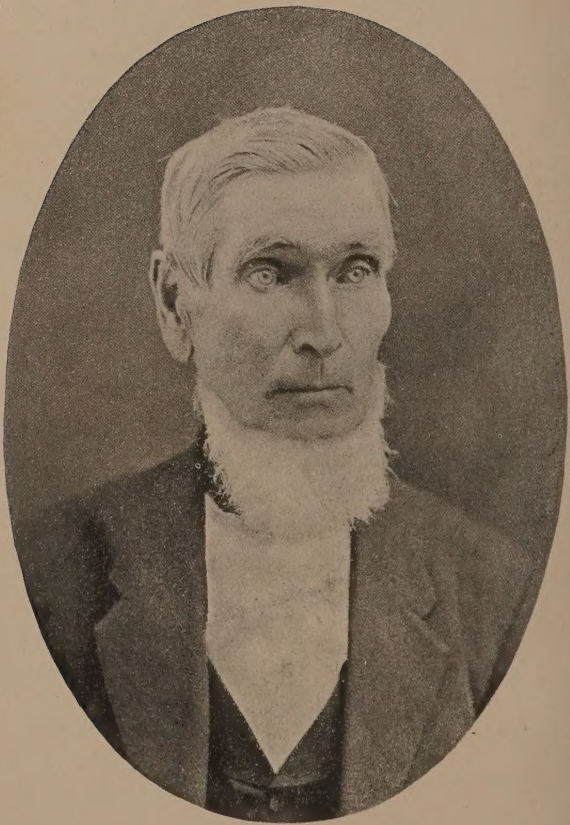
HON. DANIEL PRATT:

A BIOGRAPHY.



DANIEL PRATT.

HON. DANIEL PRATT:

A BIOGRAPHY,

WITH

EULOGIES ON HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

EDITED BY

MRS. S. F. H. TARRANT.

RICHMOND, VA.:
WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.
1904.

Dedicated to

MRS. AUGUSTA D. MORGAN

and

MRS. MERRILL E. PRATT.

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INTRODUCTION.

It has been said, "The more biography the world gets on hand, the better informed it will become in history." Not every man is fortunate enough to have a Boswell. Indeed, Sam Johnson stands alone, as the man best known, of all the vast army of writers who have lived and passed away.

A wise man has said, "No public man's work can be intelligently judged before half a century has passed over his grave."

Thirty years have been added to the past since a million people mourned the death of Daniel Pratt, founder of Prattville, Ala., and to-day he can have no higher praise than that which his own consistent adherence to loyalty for the State of Alabama will bestow upon him. On my return to Alabama from a neighboring State, after an absence of more than a decade of years (during which time Mr. Pratt had died), I asked this question, "Has any one written a biography of Mr. Pratt?" For a reply, the following: "Some articles were written soon after his death and printed in the daily papers. A near relative of Mr. Pratt asked me, with earnestness, to collect these, and add any particulars I might see fit. I complied,

and in doing so, have two motives. The first, to place before the young of the present generation salient points in the life of, to my mind, one of the grandest men who has lived in Alabama. This grand old Commonwealth has had statesmen with no peers in the forum; ministers of the gospel in whom was no guile; soldiers as brave as any who ever gazed into the cannon's mouth — but only *one* Daniel Pratt — ever ready to serve his God, his country and humanity. To get at the inner life of a nation, read the biography of individuals, the more personal the better worth preserving. Would that every boy would study well the character of Daniel Pratt, and become inspired to follow his example. Remembering ever, the secret power of Daniel Pratt was his singleness of purpose and the spirituality of his life.

My second motive: to preserve tributes paid to the memory of Mr. Pratt soon after his death. Though there may seem some repetition, I wish to preserve intact the papers, one by "Julian," and a series of papers written by that worthy, good man, S. Mims. I felt that I must copy, *verbatim,* every article he wrote, for I cherish with fond affection the memory of Mr. Mims and his noble wife. They truly belonged to the elect. It was an inspiration to go in and out of their home, as was my wont, in my intimacy with their daughter Katharine.

Recently I stood by the graves of these loved ones, and I exclaimed, "Would that every Methodist church, every town in Alabama, had such a man as S. Mims; and that the women of our State could have known and would emulate the example of a woman like Mrs. Mims.

S. F. H. T.

DANIEL PRATT AND PRATTVILLE:

A Famous Town and its Famous Founder.

IN the little borough of Temple, up among the rocky hills of New Hampshire, there was born, in the twilight of the last century, a man who in after years helped to build a great State, and by honest industry erected a monument to himself prouder than any column of chiseled stone or cloud-piercing marble. That man was Daniel Pratt, a name which every Alabamian breathes with reverence.

After spending several years in Georgia, Daniel Pratt came to Alabama in 1832, when the State was scarcely a dozen years old, and stayed his busy feet on what is now Albert Elmore's farm, near Elmore Station, in the county of that name. Here he built something of a blacksmith and ginshop, and here Daniel Pratt made the first cotton gin ever constructed in the State of Alabama, and from that small beginning in the backwoods of what was then Autauga county, has sprung the most famous gin factory in the world. Not fancying his location, the pioneer manufacturer went to the falls of the Coosa river, at Wetumpka, and sought to purchase that great water power. As is usual in such cases, the owners of the property ran up the price on Mr. Pratt

and drove him away, thus losing the opportunity of making that town great and famous. After looking around for a suitable location, Mr. Pratt decided on McNeill's mill-site, on Autauga creek, one mile from the Alabama river and two miles and a half below the present town of Prattville. This place is now locally known as Montgomery's Mill, and here Mr. Pratt established his gin factory and remained through a five-year lease. When the lease was about to expire he sought to renew it, but McNeill made the same mistake that the people of Wetumpka had made five years before. He thought his opportunity for getting rich was at hand, and he charged Mr. Pratt accordingly. This drove the manufacturer off, and strolling up the wilderness through which the pearly stream dashed and laughed its way to the river, that man of iron will and tireless energy came to a dense thicket, which he saw could be utilized as the seat of a great industry. The water power was fine, and Mr. Pratt saw that it could be easily put to driving the wheels of manufacture. Here he planted his stakes and began to build a town in the heart of the wilderness. That was in 1838, and in that year the Pratt Gin Factory found its permanent location, and then Daniel Pratt began to reap the fruits of his labor and his genius. It was the turning point in a career that was nothing short of the marvellous.

The wonderful story of the wonderful life of Daniel Pratt cannot be told in the short space of a newspaper letter. It is a part of Alabama's history, and a part upon which every Alabamian loves to dwell. And

the student of that worthy history which, soon or late, must be written, will linger long and lovingly over the long chapter devoted to the most illustrious light of a great State's material glory. From the Yankee lad, with his pack upon his back and his one shilling in the pocket of his coarse trousers, leaving his home where the blue mountains kiss the bluer skies, to wander through the brush and bramble of a new land; and rising, step by step, up the toilsome steep that self-made men do climb with bleeding feet, achieving fame and fortune — founding the greatest industry of a great State and living out a grand and noble life set to grand and noble purposes, and at last coming to the end of a career that must for a very long time serve as a glorious incentive to youth, and dying with a million people as his mourners — there is a pen-pathway in which no man will dare to walk hastily and hope to leave footsteps that will last through a moment of history.

Prattville, the great manufacturing centre founded by Daniel Pratt forty-six years ago, is a remarkable town in many respects. It is nine miles from the nearest railroad station, and fourteen miles from Montgomery, through which nearly all of its business is carried on. The thousands of cotton gins, millions of yards of cotton cloths and immense quantities of sash, doors and blinds are hauled by mule teams to Montgomery, and from that point shipped all over the country. And, in spite of the apparent drawback of being away from the railroads, Prattville has grown and flourished, and still grows and flourishes. There

is not another town of ten or twelve hundred people in America which can make as good an industrial showing as Prattville, Ala.

The pride of Daniel Pratt's heart was his world-famous gin factory. There is not a cotton planter in the South who is not acquainted with the superior merits of the Pratt gin, it being acknowledged as the best cotton gin manufactured. Over twenty-seven thousand of these gins have been manufactured and sold. In one year the factory turned out fifteen hundred gins, or about five gins for each working day. The average output of the factory has been about five hundred gins a year for forty-six years, a record altogether unexampled in the history of gin manufactoring. Added to this are the thousands of gin-feeders and condensers manufactured of late years, and which have become as popular as the gin itself. One hundred men are employed in the gin factory, and the pay-roll is upwards of a thousand dollars a week — $55,000 a year. The steel from which the saws are made is imported from England in sheets about four feet long and ten inches wide. The iron for the ribs is from the Shelby Iron Works, this State, and all other iron comes from the Mary Pratt Furnace, at Birmingham. Alabama woods are most used; so that it will be seen that nearly all the material used in manufacturing the Pratt gin is obtained in Alabama. The State of Texas and what is known as the Memphis cotton district buy more of the gins than any other sections of the cotton belt.

The ruling spirit of the Daniel Pratt Gin Company

COTTON GIN FACTORY, PRATTVILLE, ALA.

is Mr. Merrill E. Pratt, nephew of the founder of Prattville. Mr. Pratt was born in the same New Hampshire village in which Daniel Pratt first saw light, his natal day being February 23, 1828. He is, therefore, fifty-six years old, and is himself one of the most noted of living Alabamians. Mr. Pratt came to Alabama in 1841. His stalwart figure and his great benevolent face are familiar to tens of thousands of people in this and other States, and everywhere he receives the proud title of Honest Man. Merrill Pratt is a true man in all the walks and affairs of life, and is an eminently worthy successor to the grand old man who reared him and whose name he bears. The people of Alabama have manifested their regard for him in more ways than one, and they will never cease to appreciate so true and so progressive a citizen. Mr. W. T. Northington, Mr. Pratt's brother-in-law and right-hand man, is a gentleman of conspicuous merits and the finest business qualifications, and to him is due no small degree of the success that marks the present administration of Daniel Pratt's great industry. Among the numerous competent and worthy gentlemen who aid in the manufacture of gins may be mentioned Mr. E. H. Fletcher, general foreman; Mr. M. D. Fisher, foreman of the foundry; Capt. W. L. Ellis, superintendent of the frame and brush department; Mr. F. E. Smith, one of the oldest and most accomplished mechanics South, who has charge of what is termed the "breasting job"; Mr. J. C. Burns, general inspector, and Mr. W. G. Beckwith, master mechanic. Referring to the men in the

gin factory, Mr. Mac A. Smith said: "They are the most intelligent set of mechanics I ever knew or heard of. You ought to see their mail matter. It is immense. They read and think, and they are gentlemen who are very capable of deciding all questions for themselves. And, above all, they are prosperous and happy."

Another great industry founded by Daniel Pratt is the cotton factory of the Prattville Manufacturing Company, No. 1. This factory was established in 1846, and it has made a dozen fortunes. Its products are osnaburgs, sheeting, shirting and rope, and it employs one hundred and seventy-five hands, paying them monthly $2,500, $30,000 a year. About twenty-five hundred bales of cotton are annually consumed, fifteen hundred of which are brought in by farmers from the surrounding country. The establishment is now controlled and chiefly owned by ex-Mayor Henry E. Faber, of Montgomery, and his brother, Mr. Jacob Faber, of Prattville. Mr. R. W. Willey is the superintendent. Owing to the general depression in the cotton goods trade, the mill now runs only four days in the week. The goods manufactured by this mill are famous for their excellence, and are shipped to every Southern State. The principal warehouse for the sale of the goods is in Montgomery, and is in charge of Henry E. Faber.

The great sash and blind factory now owned and controlled by G. L. & D. P. Smith was established in 1850, being the third enterprise to spring up under the magic touch of Daniel Pratt. This is the largest

and most widely patronized sash, door and blind factory in the State, employing twenty-five men, whose pay amounts to about $1,000 a month. The factory sells house-finishings and moulding by the hundred thousand feet. It is owned by Mr. George L. Smith, of Prattville, and Mr. D. P. Smith, of Philadelphia, who, by the way, is night editor of the *Inquirer,* a leading newspaper of the Quaker City. Mr. D. E. Holt is the accomplished superintendent. Thus, it will be seen that there are three hundred hands employed in the factories of Prattville, whose annual pay reaches nearly $85,000. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in goods are turned out every year; and for a town of twelve hundred people this is a remarkable showing.

Prattville is one of the most beautiful and charming towns in the country. Its people are noted for their intelligence and hospitality, and surely no lovelier village ever nestled beside any crystal stream that ever stole away to any sea.

HISTORY OF PRATTVILLE.

By S. MIMS.

[Written in 1877 and 1878.]

DANIEL PRATT was born in Temple, New Hampshire, July 20, 1799. Here he lived until the age of sixteen, when he commenced serving an apprenticeship to the trade of a carpenter. At the expiration of his term of service he came South, arriving in Savannah, Ga., with a small sum of money and a box of tools. He remained in Savannah two years. In 1821 he went to Milledgeville, where he worked at his trade until 1831; then he moved to Clinton, Ga., and took charge of the Cotton Gin Manufactory belonging to Mr. Samuel Griswold.

In one year Mr. Pratt was made a partner. The gins they manufactured, at this point, were rough and unpolished, as is often the case with inventions before skill and experience give the final touch.

About this time Mr. Pratt married a young lady from New England, who was spending the winter with a relative in Georgia; and a wise selection of a companion he made when Miss Esther Ticknor became his wife. She proved herself a helpmeet in every sense of the word, all through life. Three children were born to them: Mary, Ellen and Maria, the dates of whose births were, respectively, Decem-

RESIDENCE OF EDWARD PRATT, AND BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL PRATT, TEMPLE, N. H

ber 5, 1842, March 27, 1844, and August 22, 1847. Of these, Mary and Maria died in infancy. Ellen was married February 4, 1863, to Henry DeBardeleben, and at the time of her death, February 12, 1893, was survived by eight children.

The firm of Griswold & Pratt decided to start a branch of their business in Alabama. After considering the dangers by the way, travelling through the country in wagons, liable to an attack by the red man, Mr. Griswold abandoned the enterprise. The indomitable will of Mr. Pratt, that spirit of enterprise which characterized him through life, was not to be daunted nor discouraged. He purchased material for fifty gins, put same on wagons, and, in 1833, he, with his brave wife and two African negroes, started for Alabama.

After a long, tedious journey, he arrived at Elmore's Mill, about sixty miles from Wetumpka. Here Mr. Pratt put together the material he brought with him, painted the gins and placed them on the market. He found no difficulty in selling the same. After remaining at the place mentioned above about a year, he leased from Col. John McNeil the water privilege where Montgomery's Mill now stands (three miles below the present site of Prattville). This lease was for five years. Here Mr. Pratt bent every energy to carry out his plans. He erected a gin shop. He lived in a log cabin, with a dirt chimney bending over and propped by poles. Then he built a two-story frame gin shop. His family lived in the upper story and boarded his operatives. The gin saws at this

time were cut, and the holes punched by hand, yet, by hard work, he was enabled to make at this place about two hundred gins a year.

In 1838, one year before his lease expired, he bought the lands where Prattville is now situated, and began to lay the foundations for a town which would bear his name — a town now noted far and wide for manufactories — a town that shall serve as a more enduring monument than any marble slab or chiseled stone.

I have often exclaimed, "What an undertaking! to build a town in a dismal swamp." For such was the nature of these lands. The only feature to recommend the location was Autauga creek, with its water power.

This land Mr. Pratt bought from Joseph May, the neighbors all believing he had made a bad investment.

At this time there was a small grist-mill, a saw-mill and a small dwelling-house. Mr. Pratt used the saw-mill to get out lumber, to build a new mill which he located on the site where the grist-mill stands; also, put up a building for a shingle machine.

Mr. Pratt moved to this place in 1838.

COTTON-GIN TRIAL.

We see in the last number of the London *Cotton Plant* an account of the trial of cotton gins in the city of Manchester, at which one of the gins of the

manufacture of our esteemed and enterprising citizen, Daniel Pratt, was exhibited. The *Cotton Plant* says:

"The machine which first attracted attention was an American sixty-saw gin, on Whitney's plan, but combining the most modern improvements, and manufactured by Daniel Pratt, Prattville, Ala. It was sent to this country, and to the Association, by Consul Dyer, at the express request of Lord Clarendon when Foreign Secretary. This gin was much admired."

Alabama may be proud of such an energetic, public-spirited citizen as Daniel Pratt.

Wherever the cotton gin is used, Prattville and its founder are as familiar as household words. Every one, however, who has heard of Prattville and its products does not know the real designs of its founder in building up a manufacturing village. It is very natural to suppose that the love of money was at the bottom, as is the case in most enterprises of the kind. It appears, however, from a conversation which the author had with Mr. Pratt in 1845, that his object was to build up a village for the purpose of dignifying labor in the South, and to give the laboring class an opportunity of not only making an independent living, but to train up workmen who could give dignity to labor, and thereby add to the respectability and wealth of his adopted State. The conversation, as nearly as the writer recollects at this distant date, was as follows:

Mr. Pratt said that during the six years, commencing at Elmore's Mills in 1833, and five years at McNeil's Mills, he had prospered in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; indeed, he had made enough to settle himself comfortably for life, and he proposed to Mrs. Pratt that, if she preferred, they would return North and settle themselves among their relations, for they both had parents, brothers and sisters there; otherwise, he would direct his future life to the purpose of building up a manufacturing village. Mrs. Pratt very wisely decided to remain in the South and share with him his fortunes. In this enterprise it seems that woman played an important part, as she really does in most matters, either for weal or woe. Some men are so manish that they think it a weak point to consult their wives, when perhaps their greatest weakness lies in their not consulting them. The question of their remaining South being settled, the next thing was a location. The present locality was determined on and purchased of Joseph May — one thousand acres at twenty thousand dollars — a portion payable in cotton gins at factory prices. This location was selected, not so much for its beauty as for the pine timber, which was necessary for his gin business and building purposes. Perhaps a more unsightly place could not have been selected anywhere on the creek, as it was literally a quagmire, with a few dry spots in places, which required a large outlay of money to ditch and drain, which he did at his own expense as he could find time and means to do so. Even where his dwelling and garden are lo-

cated required a great deal of digging down and filling up before he fixed it to his notion; but he never stopped at expense when his taste required a change to suit it.

Just here I will relate a little incident, which, though a little laughable, was characteristic of the man. When he was fitting up his warehouse at Washington Ferry, there was considerable digging down and filling up in order to give a level yard. Whilst his negro men were employed at this, a gentleman riding by asked one of his negro men what he was doing. The boy replied that he did not know. He said that "his massa, Daniel Pratt, seemed dissatisfied with the way God had made the earth, and that he was always digging down the hills and filling up the hollows; that was all he knowed about it."

In the selection of a site for his dwelling he displayed quite a taste for the picturesque. For a background view, he chose a lofty hill, which he terraced and planted as a vineyard; for front and side view, a beautiful sheet of water. Upon the whole, he exhibited a taste for poetry as well as prose.

In 1839 Prattville was commenced, and Mr. Pratt's usual success followed him in a more extended way, as he had increased his facilities for turning out a greater number of gins. In order to meet the demands for his gins in the West, he found it to his interest to keep a constant supply on hand in New Orleans, where he built a large and commodious brick building, and commenced a commission business with H. Kendal Carter, whom he knew in Macon,

Ga. In this business he also prospered, besides its offering facilities for the sale of his gins. In 1846, the year the writer moved to Prattville, Mr. Pratt had started up a small cotton mill of five hundred spindles, for the purpose of making thread only. Many of his friends insisted on his extending his mill and taking stock; consequently, the stock was subscribed to the amount of $110,000. An additional building was put up for looms, one hundred in number. The whole machinery was purchased at once and paid for, but a large portion lay idle for three or four years for want of capacity in the superintendent to manage the establishment. Another man was put in his place, but being too slow, he was displaced, and Gardner Hale put in charge. From that on things began to tell; old debts were paid off. There were many difficulties in the way in the first starting up of cotton mills in the South. Hands had to be trained. These were brought up from the piney woods, many of them with no sort of training to any kind of labor; in fact, they had to learn everything, and in learning many mistakes and blunders were made fatal to success.

The darkest hours that cotton manufacture has seen in Prattville has been since the war; but recently, I am glad to learn, the mill is making heavily, and matters are moving on prosperously. Since the war the entire mill has been filled with new machinery of the latest and most improved patterns. A good deal of expense has been gone to in wheels and fixtures, and, besides all this heavy expense, two large law suits

have been decided against the company, the cause of which arose during the war.

Mr. Pratt's great success in his business attracted the attention of many gentlemen of wealth and discernment, who visited the place, not only from this State, but from the adjoining States. Among the distinguished gentlemen, Dr. B. Manley, then President of our State University, paid Mr. Pratt a visit in 1846, to whom Mr. Pratt revealed his purposes in establishing a manufacturing village, the same as heretofore mentioned. In January, 1847, a correspondence took place between these two gentlemen. These letters not only reflect credit on the authors, but to the trustees of our State University. As far back as 1847, a commendable spirit was shown by them towards elevating labor to its true dignity, by conferring honor on one to whom honor was justly due — who was laboring to promote the true interests of his adopted State, by diversifying labor, by making it, not only honorable but profitable for our sons and daughters to engage in, but to enrich his State and make it respectable amongst States. Of these letters, the following relates to the honorary degree conferred by the University of Alabama:

"UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, *Jan.* 4, 1847.

"To Daniel Pratt, Esq.

"DEAR SIR: The trustees of the University of Alabama, appointed by the Legislature of the State, in the exercise of the discretionary powers entrusted to them, have authorized and instructed me, as their

official organ, to confer upon you the honorary degree of Master in the Mechanic and Useful Arts; and at the late public anniversary of this institution, held on the 21st of December, 1846, the said degree was conferred.

"This is a token of the respect and honor felt by the trustees, in common with reflecting men in every station, for that high degree of intelligence, benevolence, uprightness and success which you have exercised and displayed in the relations of life allowed to you by divine Providence. Without having devoted your life to literary pursuits, you have attained, in an eminent degree, that which is the end of all letters and all study — the art of making men around you wiser, better and happier. You have shown, in a substantial manner, that you value and know how to promote the industrial and economical virtues among men, rendering your own intelligence and honestly acquired wealth a blessing to all that come within the sphere of your influence. You have shown yourself the friend and supporter of schools for the son of the laboring man, as well as of the rich, that all the rising generation may be fitted for that condition of republican freedom which it is the peculiar privilege of American citizens to enjoy; above all, you have shown that you discern what is the great source of all virtue and happiness, of all knowledge and success, by your efficient maintenance of the institutions of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ among your people.

"May your life and health be long preserved; may

you enjoy the special influences of God's Holy Spirit, and, while filling the hand of honest industry with the wages of labor, and erecting over the shelterless a neat and comfortable home, may you too receive a return for your labors such as this world cannot give, and find for yourself a mansion in that 'building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"In attestation of the honor which has been conferred upon you, I have caused a diploma to be made out, duly signed and sealed, of which I beg your acceptance, and which will be sent to your address or delivered to your order, as you may be pleased to designate.

"With great respect, I am, sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"B. MANLEY,
"President University of Alabama."

On receipt of this letter, Mr. Pratt was taken entirely by surprise, for he had never conceived the idea of such an honor; his own letter, in reply, will more fully express his feelings, and we therefore introduce a copy of it:

"PRATTVILLE, AUTAUGA CO., ALA.,
"January 21, 1847.

"Dr. Manley.

"REVERED AND DEAR SIR: Your highly esteemed favor of the 4th instant, notifying me of the honor conferred on me by the trustees of the University,

through you, was duly received. I must confess that I am at a loss to know how to answer it. It was received with a degree of surprise and astonishment. I feel unworthy of the honor, and unworthy to receive such a letter as you have been pleased to write to me. You speak in the very highest terms of the course I have pursued in my business transactions, and credit me with many good acts, for which I feel I deserve no credit. If I have done anything to benefit others, or to benefit society, it is through the bountiful goodness of the author of all blessings. Had not the means and disposition been derived from a purer source than poor erring and degenerate man, I should never have deserved any applause for any good deed. My desire is that this high degree of honor which you have been pleased to confer on me may be the means of awakening me to a higher sense of duty, that I may be more 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' I will accept the diploma, but do assure you that your very highly esteemed letter will be kept quite as sacred as the diploma. Allow me to subscribe myself,

"Your obedient servant,

"DANIEL PRATT."

The only true test of character is the works and utterances of men who have finished the work assigned them on earth. If these works and utterances are in keeping with the truths of God's revealed will to man, then we are at liberty to pronounce favorably upon them. Judging from the language used, and

the true Christian spirit which breathed in the above letters, it is very evident that both men were deeply impressed with a due sense of the practical bearings of the truths of the Christian religion on the hearts of men; kindred spirits met and were in sympathy with each other; though engaged in widely differing pursuits in life, yet their end and aim was the same — to make men "wiser, happier and better," which is the end of all letters and study — truly a noble and devout thought, which could only proceed from God. It will be recollected by the reader that Dr. Manley was a Christian minister, of high literary character, learned in the deep things of the Bible as well as human science; his great work was to call men to repentance and to apply the soothing words of the gospel of peace to heal the broken spirits of the children of men. In yielding to the call of the trustees of the University of Alabama to preside over its interests, he did not lay aside his ministerial calling, but placed himself in a position where he could wield an influence over the minds and hearts of young men which would bear the fruits of righteousness in after generations.

The letter addressed to Mr. Pratt was in his official capacity, notifying him of the honor conferred on him by the trustees. The occasion did not necessarily call for a reference to the great and important truths of the Christian religion. The reference to these in a purely business point of view was rather out of the usual routine of things, yet as a true minister he choose to sow his seed out of season as well as in

season, that the seed sown might spring up and bare fruit is shown by Mr. Pratt's letter, saying in his letter of acceptance that he should cherish his truly Christian letter quite as sacredly as he did the honor conferred. Of the truth of Mr. Pratt's sincerity in this acknowledgment, the writer had the fullest proof. He happened to be in Mr. Pratt's office a short time after he received the notice from Dr. Manley, and as he handed me the letter the tear-drop stood in his eye. That he ever afterwards conformed strictly to the suggestion of the letter, of making men wiser, happier and better, thirty years' intimate acquaintance fully justified. I now reluctantly take leave of a character so lovely, regretting my misfortune of having known so little of him personally.

Mr. Pratt's letter exhibits great simplicity and sincerity of heart, both traits for which he was distinguished in all his intercourse with men. He bore the honor meekly, so much so that his friends spared his modesty by not affixing it to his name.

I now resume the history of Prattville. In 1845, Mr. Pratt fitted up an upper room over B. F. Miles' store for the purpose of a church and Sabbath-school. The Rev. Jesse P. Perham, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was the stationed preacher; he also was machinist, and worked at his trade. He was a true orator by nature. Though laboring under an impediment of speech when he first opened his discourse, but, after getting under way, it seemed to be an advantage to him in the prosecution of his sub-

ject — like one equipped for running a race after removing his weight from his feet. As a revivalist he had no superior. Very soon a large church was formed of young people, mostly engaged in the manufacturing departments. Quite a flourishing Sunday-school was under way, well attended and well behaved. At that time the Baptist Church existed, even before the room was fitted up for Methodist preaching. The Presbyterian Church had no existence then, but, I think in 1850, one was built on the same side of the creek (west side) that the other churches were. Notwithstanding all these helps, Satan stood his ground, and never lacked of either men or means to carry on his work. The leading men and women of the place belonged to some or other of the churches, and the influence was decidedly religious and orderly. In the meantime the gin shop on the west side of the creek was built, and the old location occupied by the present brick building, constituting the cotton mill. This is without doubt one of the most substantial buildings of the kind in the South. This building was put up by David McCord, under the superintendance of Gardner Hale, which is a lasting monument to their skill and taste in building. The cost of the house, with wheels and shafting, exceeded $45,000, and was paid for out of the earnings of the cotton mill, without a call on the stockholders. The woollen mill had been previously fitted up at the expense of the cotton mill, costing over $11,000. This mill came in very opportunely to assist the cotton mill at a time when it needed assistance. The profits

on this mill for a number of years was enormous for the amount of capital invested, and during the war the profits were fabulous, but it all went up with the Lost Cause, besides upwards of $150,000 of outstanding claims when the war commenced. The loss of the gin shop exceeded half a million dollars in outstanding claims. I take no risk in saying that the four years' war, and the dull times since, have injured the manufacturing interest of Prattville over two million dollars. Notwithstanding all this, both companies have maintained characters for punctuality scarcely ever before done under similar circumstances. The sash, door and blind factory, under the superintendence of G. L. Smith, has had hard work to keep up, as this business has, in common with all others, suffered from the effects of the war and the dullness of the times following; yet with the untiring and indefatigable labors of its proprietor, Mr. G. L. Smith, I learn that its business is at this time prosperous.

Before I close the history of Prattville, it is my purpose to mention one building which, of all others on the west side of the creek, attracts attention on account of its size, the completeness of its finish, and its adaptability for the purposes for which it was originally designed. I mean the Methodist Church building. The cost of this magnificent structure exceeded twenty thousand dollars, which Mr. Pratt deeded to the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The apartments on the lower floor were fitted up for stores and offices, the rentals of which were

to be appropriated to expenses of the pastorate and keeping up the necessary repairs of the building; this the writer knows to have been one of the fondly cherished plans of Mr. Pratt, one which he conceived before work was begun. His plan succeeded to his liking before the war of the States. During the war there was a failure, as the house doing business made a failure. After the war, however, Mr. Pratt started another store, which succeeded during his lifetime; but from causes which I need not here relate, business was given up, and at present there are scarcely any occupants of the building. It is to be hoped, however, that the accomplishment of this long-cherished scheme of Mr. Pratt may succeed, as it is altogether practicable, and justly due to one who deeply felt for the church of his choice to the last. Mr. Pratt was not visionary in any of his plans; he had more than twenty years to reflect upon this one act of his life, which he intended for the glory of God and the good of the church. Had he lived, his original purpose would, no doubt, have been carried out to the letter. It is true, so far as the support of the church is concerned, his friends have nobly come up to the work of bearing the expenses of the church; yet this may not always be the case. The tenure of life is uncertain, and while there is a present opportunity of carrying out Mr. Pratt's original designs of making the building support the church, it should be done; it is due to his memory. In connection with this subject, the writer would call the attention of the present officials of the church to a set of resolu-

tions conspicuously placed in the Sabbath-school room. It will be borne in mind that these resolutions were the spontaneous outpouring of the feelings of the church when the deed to this building was presented to the church through her officials. The name of the writer of this, I think, stands the first to these resolutions. He was then a member of the Quarterly Conference, but now, from age and its infirmities, is no longer capacitated to take an active part in the church, yet he feels a very deep interest in all that pertains to its interest. The citizens of Prattville, and more especially the Methodist Church, are greatly indebted to Mr. Pratt for his great efforts to promote their moral and spiritual welfare, and the writer sincerely hopes before he dies to witness the effort to carry out the original designs of that building, which will stand as a more lasting monument to his memory as a good man than that of marble which stands in full view of the building.

The Sabbath-school has acted wisely in placing portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt in full view on the walls, where may be seen the first originating of the school, and its active abettors and workers, to the close of their long and useful lives. How impressive were the almost dying utterances of the man of whom I write, when he said to a friend who attended him in his last sickness, in a voice scarcely audible, "Work for the church; work for the church." He meant this not only for his friend then present, but for all the members of the church.

Having given the brief outlines of the history of

Prattville, it is my purpose to mention some of the leading traits in the character of its founder. In doing this I am well aware of my incompetency to do full justice to it, notwithstanding thirty years of intimate acquaintance with him, both in his business and social relations in life. That he exhibited a rare combination of qualities of head and heart, which made him the man he was, no one who knew him will doubt.

But before relating further some of the leading traits in the character of Mr. Pratt, we will refer to a few incidents in the history of Prattville, written by Judge Wilkinson, editor of the *Southern Signal*.

When Mr. Pratt moved from Montgomery's Mills, in 1837, he moved his gin shop from that place the latter part of the same year, and joined it to the building where he had his shingle machine. This entire building was then used for a gin shop. During the latter part of 1839 and the first part of 1840, he erected six or eight operative houses and a blacksmith's shop. The shop was located on the bank of the creek below the bridge, about where the storehouse now occupied by Ward & Brother stands. In 1840, Col. L. Spigner, now the oldest living inhabitant of Prattville, who had been carrying on a wood and blacksmith shop at McNeill's Mill, moved up to this place and built for a wood shop the house in which Mr. J. A. Nummey now does business, and the old red building next to Col. W. H. Northington's law office, for a blacksmith's shop. In this same year Mr. Pratt commenced building a large flour and grist-mill,

on the site where the sash and blind factory now stands. This was an undertaking, on account of its size and the outlay of money required, at which the people of the whole country was surprised. They again predicted that he would soon break, as such an enterprise at that time was so extraordinary. In this mill he put five sets of rocks and their bolting chests; in fact, he had the finest and most improved machinery that could be had at that time. Bolted meal was then something with which the people were not accustomed. This mill was finished in the early part of 1841, and proved to be a success, like all his other undertakings. Wheat was brought here from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and so crowded was it that eight or ten large wagons could be seen at a time, standing waiting for their turn, though it ran day and night during the wheat season. For several years before other mills were erected, this piece of property was as valuable as any Mr. Pratt ever owned. He cut out roads running in every direction, and put them in good condition, digging up all the stumps and bridging the impassable places, all with his own means.

In the early part of 1841 the Baptist Church was commenced, but was not finished until several years later. This church was built by subscription, Mr. Pratt donating the land and subscribing liberally himself. This was the first church building erected in the place. In the latter part of the same year he commenced improving the lot on which he built his residence, in which Mr. H. F. DeBardelaben now

lives. He completed this building in 1842, and moved into it in the early part of 1843. In this year the foundation of the old Methodist Church was laid near where the fountain now is, but was not completed until some time in 1844. The upper story of this building was used as a church and the lower one for a store. The store was occupied by Mr. B. F. Miles with a full stock of goods. This was the first store in this place, and Mr. Haywood Miles (a brother of B. F. Miles), now living in Prattville, was the first clerk. This building was afterwards moved down the creek a few hundred yards, and is now used by the negroes as a church. In 1845 the covered bridge over the creek, near the cotton factory, was built by Mr. Pratt, at his own expense; also, the school-house, which was situated on the side of the hill south of the foundry. This was a nice frame building, supplied with excellent seats and well finished. During this year the old frame cotton factory was erected. This was a two-story building, and stood just below the present picker-room. In 1846 the machinery for this factory was put in, and it soon started, giving employment to other hands, and thereby increasing the population of Prattville, and giving it more notoriety as a manufacturing place.

I now proceed to sketch the life and character of the founder of Prattville, the principal object in view being to hold him up as a model for young men just setting out in life, having no other advantages than their own self-reliance and the business they have selected as a foundation for their success. These

advantages are within reach of every young man possessed of ordinary endowments of body and mind, without which success in any pursuit is altogether doubtful. There are two prerequisites necessary to success: first, a definite pursuit; and, second, an adequate knowledge of the pursuit. In order to make business pleasureable rather than irksome, there should be a congeniality between the present and the peculiar taste of the individual. Men are differently constituted in their tastes, and it is right they should be. If not so, every man would follow the same pursuit, much to the annoyance and inconvenience of the human family. As this state of things is the order of a wise Providence, it follows, as a matter of course, that every man should follow the pursuit most congenial to his peculiar turn of mind. It is apparent that Mr. Pratt so selected his pursuit in life.

It is due to the memory of his parents that the reader should be made acquainted with the parental training of their son Daniel, and for this purpose I here introduce a sketch of his life prepared by his youngest sister, Mrs. Eliza Holt, the only surviving member of that branch of the Pratt family, and who now resides in Prattville. This sketch is remarkable for its simplicity — a characteristic of all the members of the family with whom I have become acquainted:

Daniel Pratt, son of Edward and Asenath Pratt, was born in Temple N. H., July 20, 1799. He was the fourth in a family of six children, of whom only one, the youngest, survives him. His parents were

poor but comfortable livers, obliged to use the strictest economy, as their only means of support was the produce of a small farm in a newly settled town. They were members of the Congregational church, and not only strict in their duty as church members, but as parents, in their discipline with their children. The Sabbath was considered by them not only a day of rest, but a day to be devoted to the service of God. They required their children to attend church and prayer-meetings and to avoid all vain and trifling conversation on that day. As Sabbath-schools were then unknown, there were two services during the day, and Sabbath-school duties were performed at home, by catechising the children, or requiring them to read the Bible or some religious book. A novel was not permitted in the house.

The educational advantages of Daniel, with the rest of the children, were limited, compared to what many children now enjoy, being confined to a district school of eight or ten weeks in winter and the same length of time in summer. As soon as the subject of this memoir was old enough to assist in farming, he was deprived of the summer term, owing to the ill-health of his father. At the age of sixteen, as he desired to learn a trade, and his father had discovered in him a mechanical genius, he applied to a gentleman by the name of Putnam, who was a fine carpenter and a worthy man, to take Daniel and teach him his trade, but would not consent that he should be bound to stay until he was twenty-one, as was then required of those apprenticed, for he knew his firmness, and

that he would remain if kindly treated. He also reserved the ten weeks for winter attendance at school, which time was to be spent at home. To all of this the gentleman to whom he was apprenticed readily agreed.

At the age of eighteen his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, died. During her illness, which was of several months' duration, as he was permitted to be with her much of the time, he acted the part of a tender and careful nurse.

He continued to serve for his trade, and the attachment between him and his employer mutually increased, until he arrived at the age of twenty, when Mr. Putnam became involved by going security for another, and was forced to mortgage his home. Mr. Pratt felt deeply for him in his trouble, and told him if he would release him from the remaining year of his apprenticeship he would come to the South, and if successful in making money, would go back and assist him in redeeming the mortgage on his place, of which he had possession for only one year. He then went to his grandfather, who approved of his purpose, and offered to furnish the money to pay his passage out.

He started, a young man of twenty, alone, going to a land of strangers. This caused his surviving parent, brother and sisters, much anxiety and many tears; but the Lord preserved and prospered him. When he landed at Savannah, after a long passage, he found he had scarcely money enough to pay his fare, and told the captain of his situation: without

money, a stranger in a strange land, and uncertain whether he could obtain employment. The captain gave him back twenty-five dollars, which Mr. Pratt told him he should replace if he ever met him again. He soon succeeded in finding work, and was successful in accomplishing the purpose he so much desired, of being able to relieve his endeared friend, Mr. Putnam. At the end of the year he started for home, and, strange to say, almost the first person he met, upon landing at Boston, was the captain of the ship on which he came out, who did not recognize him; but Mr. Pratt asked him if he recollected the poor boy whom he took to Savannah on his ship one year before, who was not able to pay his passage. He told him he was then able, and would repay the money so kindly loaned. He then went to his friend, Mr. Putnam, and by redeeming the mortgage on his place, secured to him the pleasant home where he died, at the advanced age of ninety-three. He always expressed the deepest gratitude for this timely aid. Thus, with the first hard earnings, was cultivated that spirit of honesty in paying the one to whom he was obligated, and also of benevolence in assisting those who were needy, which was always practiced by him to the end of his useful life. After spending a few months at home, he thought it best to return South, as he could succeed better in business here. It was very hard parting with his numerous friends, particularly his invalid father, whom he never saw again. He was followed by a father's prayers, which were answered by the preservation of his life; and

although at this time he did not profess to be a Christian, it was not many years before his anxious friends were made happy by the reception of a letter, saying he had been brought to see the sinfulness of his heart, and to trust alone in the atoning blood of the Saviour, and had connected himself with the Methodist Church.

By carefully noting the early training of Mr. Pratt, it is clear that it was favorable for bringing out the character which he developed and maintained through a long life. He was taught in early life under the paternal roof to fear God and keep his commandments. This he never lost sight of in all his contact with the business world, verifying the wise saying of Solomon, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The reader no doubt took note of the two instances in which he made good his promise to Mr. Putnam, his boss, and the captain of the vessel in which he landed in Savannah, Ga.

At a very early age he evinced self-reliance to a very large degree. His trade, an indomitable will in a sound body, an honest heart and a chest of tools were all his stock to commence and carry him through life; with these in a strange land, and amongst strangers whose habits of life were entirely dissimilar to his own, he chose to commence life. Wherever he went, such was his conduct as to make friends amongst the better class of the people. Honest, faithful and punctual in all his dealings, the character he made was permanent and continued through life.

Many men have succeeded in amassing fortunes; comparatively few, however, have succeeded in establishing the reputation that he did for liberality. His motto was, "Live and let live." So far from envying the prosperity of others, he rejoiced to see every man prospering in business. As a business man, he had no superiors and but few equals; indeed, business was the ruling passion with him during business hours. However much his devotion to business, yet whenever the church-bell rang he dropped his business, and was in his place in due time, and seemed as much engaged as though he was a man of leisure. He seemed to regard his church duties as a part of his business programme. In this particular he had a wonderful control over his will. He remarked to me on one occasion that whenever he left home on business his home affairs never troubled him. In the latter part of his life he was often from home, and during his travels he was a very close observer of passing events, and of men he met in his travels. On such occasions he was highly social and agreeable in his manners. When at home he was right after his business, and seemed devoid of any social qualities, yet when the social hour came round he was pleasant and agreeable to all about him. With those in his employ he rarely ever conversed unless on business connected with their immediate department during business hours. When things did not go on to suit him, he was impatient and fretful, and sometimes abrupt; and yet he seldom discharged a man for neglect, and rarely ever had disputes. Measuring others

by himself, there were but few men who come fully up to his standard of a business man. After all, he exercised great forbearance towards the shortcomings of others.

His friends thought that he gave himself unnecessary worry about his business, and often brought on some suffering by exhausting his physical powers; but no persuasion from his friends, or even his family physician, could prevail with him to favor himself, even at the near approach of his last illness. Work was his element, and work he would, when he should have been in bed under treatment. He once remarked to me, that if he knew that to-morrow would be his last day on earth, he would continue his regular routine of work, as though such an event was afar off. I thought at the time this was carrying the thing to excess; but it was such a spirit as this that assured his success in his business. Had he had no other object in view than his own personal emolument, his motives would have been sinful, but his whole career through life was proof positive that he was laboring for the benefit of others as well as himself; for whilst he was liberally receiving with one hand the fruits of his labors, he was at the same time liberally dispensing to others with his other hand. He was unselfish in his nature; there was no littleness about him in any of his dealings; he thought it poor economy to be engaged in picking up dimes when dollars were in reach.

The excellency and strength of Mr. Pratt's character lay in its fullness and completeness, combining

all those qualities of heart and mind which constitute true manliness in all the relations of life. "In business he was diligent, in spirit he was fervent, serving the Lord," thus happily blending his business with his religion, and his religion with his business, and at the same time faithfully attending to his various duties as husband, father, friend and neighbor, in all of which he was true and faithful. His love for the church and its interests was manifested in his very liberal support of its pastorate, and in making everything convenient and tasteful in all its arrangements, neglecting not even the minister; for it is well known that, as long as he was physically able, he superintended the duties of sexton, doing much of it with his own hands, and not infrequently, when the attendance on church was flagging, he would go round the village visiting families, and urging the necessity and importance of punctual attendance on Sunday-school and church. He was particularly careful to look after the young, knowing, as he said, they were the hope of the church. He lost no opportunity of attending not only to public preaching, but to all the social meetings, never refusing to take an active part in conducting them when necessary. In these things he showed his completeness in Christian character, although he spoke not "with enticing words of man's wisdom." Yet such was the earnestness with which he spoke, and such the confidence of those who heard him, he never failed to make a deep impression.

Although we dare not rely upon our works as meriting salvation, yet they are most assuredly the

fruits of the grace of God through faith in Christ Jesus. As regards Mr. Pratt's liberality in building up his place and supplying it with church and educational advantages, there can be no question, as his works speak for themselves. In giving, he exercised great discretion, choosing rather to devote all his spare means to his own place. I have said all his spare means, which was not exactly true. He contributed liberally to several institutions of learning and to church buildings abroad, but not on what is termed a magnificent scale, to be seen and talked of by men. His giving was like a constant stream of water, giving refreshment to all who came in contact with it. A gentleman of Prattville told me he was travelling in Arkansas, and at a house where he put up to spend the night, an old man, an invalid, hearing him speak of Prattville, roused up, apparently deeply interested, and asked if he knew Mr. Pratt. The gentleman said he did. "Well," said the invalid, "he gave me fifty dollars at the Hot Springs, where I was entirely destitute, and not only that, to my knowledge he gave to others equally liberal sums, to the amount of several hundred dollars.

In his dealings with his laborers he was just and liberal, but not too liberal for his own good. No man knew better than he the value of labor, for he was a laborer himself, and knew how much and how work should be done. He studied his plans well, and counted up the cost beforehand, and, therefore, was seldom mistaken in his estimates. Whilst other men were asleep, or at leisure, enjoying themselves so-

cially, he was engaged in arranging and perfecting his plans for operating in the future; he seemed never to tire with his work. His indomitable spirit buoyed him up, not only through the day, but late at night.

From Mrs. Holt's account of his early life and training, it appears that his educational advantages were limited, having gone to school only about ten months, through a period of years during the winter season. This defect he felt all through his life, as there were many things in connection with his extended operations which he was compelled to employ others to do for him, not that he lacked capacity to learn these things, but for the want of time to devote to their study. His knowledge of the common, plain rules of arithmetic was very deficient, and as to English grammar he knew nothing, except what he learned from reading standard works. From his limited course of reading he learned to construct sentences in appropriate language, so much so that he could express himself with ease and profit to others. He wrote considerably on leading topics of the day for newspapers, which were greatly sought after and read with great interest, on account of his superior judgment in all matters of public interest.

The writer does not claim for Mr. Pratt extraordinary powers of intellect, yet we may be justified in saying that he possessed a well-balanced mind, and was under the control of a will which could concentrate all his faculty of mind on any one subject which he might think proper to investigate.

In this peculiar gift to concentrate lies the great secret of success in any enterprise of life. A man may possess what is termed a brilliant intellect, and yet not succeed in life for want of power in the will to bring his intellect to bear directly upon subjects which come up for his investigation. The world we live in is practical, when "Greek meets Greek" in direct conflict in our business relations; hence, the necessity of every man to examine both sides of all questions arising in his business operations. An astute lawyer never fails to examine both sides of the question, in order to meet his antagonist on his own side.

For many years before his death, Mr. Pratt had a heavy charge on his mind, which demanded much close study, which he did not fail to give, devoting many hours in the night season as well as the day. He was one of the best and most successful financiers of the country, never failing to meet his engagements punctually. Notwithstanding that he lost more than half a million dollars by the war between the States, and all his arrangements were interfered with, he met all his indebtedness promptly. Order and system were observable in all his business. On one occasion the writer took account of the stock of his gin establishment, and such was the order and arrangement observed throughout that the work was comparatively light to what he expected. From what I have discovered in other members of his family, I have no doubt that he learned this in his family training.

In writing of the history of Prattville, I had occa-

sion to speak of his taste; but the practiced eye will not fail to see this in everything about the place. His family cemetery is located on a hill overlooking the entire village south of his family residence. Whether this was a matter of taste or from necessity, arising from want of room, the writer will not undertake to say, but presumes that it was from the latter reason. There was another difficulty in the way of its being located on the level; in wet times the water rose to within a few feet of the surface.

Mr. Pratt was an economist, but not on a stinting scale. He used the best material he could command, regardless of cost, in constructing his buildings. He provided bountifully for his household, extending to his servants while their owner, and to his stock comfortable and commodious shelter. In all his domestic arrangements he had an eye to comfort and convenience, which no doubt proved to be economy in the end.

Having given this short sketch of Daniel Pratt as a thorough and successful business man, the writer feels that the true portrait of the man is incomplete without further giving his character as a man of deep and solid piety. We may infer from the short account given by Mrs. Holt of his early family training, that the seeds of a religious life were sown in his heart at an early period; but, like most persons who leave the family altar at an early period of life, to take their chances to grapple with the world for a living, the great and important truths of personal and heart-felt religion were neglected until he was

about thirty-three years of age. He was then living in Clinton, Ga., and, as well as I recollect, it was under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Hardy that he was brought to see his want of a thorough change of heart. He did not hesitate or delay in setting about the work in earnest in working out his salvation with fear and trembling in the Lord. In his religious life he was like himself in his worldly pursuits, determined and thorough, leaving nothing unturned which might contribute to his spiritual welfare.

The first time the writer ever saw him was at a Quarterly Meeting west of old Washington, and near his house, which was then at McNeil's Mills. Though not a member of the Conference, he walked in and invited the whole Conference to dine with him. Of course all did not do so, as all who were within reach of home went to their homes. The invitation was cordial, as every one felt. The next time I met him was on a similar occasion, at Indian Hill. He was invited to take a seat, though not a member; it was at the last Quarterly Meeting of the year, when the stewards were settling up with their preachers; and, as is usual on such occasions, they were in arrears; they, however, assessed each society or church with its proportion of the deficiency. They handed one to Mr. Pratt for his village, where then there was no society, and asked him to please try and raise the amount. Without hesitating a moment, he pulled out the money and cancelled it on the spot. This, I found out from a long acquaintance, was not spasmodic, but his way

of doing on all occasions when money was needed for useful purposes. He seemed to think that really money had no other value than to subserve a valuable purpose. This is not only a religious view of the subject, but a philosophic view.

Another incident I will relate: after some seventy or eighty persons had joined the church at a revival of religion, the preacher advised the young persons, who were totally ignorant of the usages of the church, to procure, as far as possible, Disciplines of the church and read them carefully. Mr. Pratt told the preacher to order the books and he would foot the bill, which he did.

These little incidents are mentioned to show that he did not things by halves and quarters, but on the whole-souled plan; and though seemingly trifling, yet really they become the true index to the character of the man. Large benefactions are generally heralded abroad without stint. It is the smaller ones occurring in every-day life that stamp the character of a man as a cheerful giver. His bookkeeper, Mr. T. B. Avery, once told me that he could never keep a cash account satisfactory to himself, inasmuch as Mr. Pratt used funds for purposes which he did not think proper to communicate to his bookkeeper. All who knew Mr. Avery's method of keeping books knew that he was exceedingly particular in his entries, showing for what purpose the money was used. I scarcely need say that Mr. Avery suspected that the money was spent for charitable purposes.

It is not my purpose in this short sketch of Mr.

Pratt's religious life to represent him as a faultless being. He had his faults as well as the rest of the human family, and no one knew and felt those faults more sensibly than he himself; for he saw them through the medium of God's Word, which, if read honestly and prayerfully, never fails to show the least speck of the corruption within. That he read God's book honestly, the many tears he shed while relating his religious experience fully attest. Yes, faults he had; but they were so few in comparison to his many virtues that they were scarcely noted, even by the infidel and scoffer. His parents were Congregationalists; of course, his early predilections ran that way. In after life, however, being separated from this influence, he received his convictions of the sinfulness of his own heart under Methodist preaching; he joined that church, and ever afterwards maintained a preference for it. He was, however, no bigot. When there was no preaching in his own church he was in the habit of attending other churches; but he did not believe in that kind of loose catholicism which preferred any and every church before its own.

Thus far I have said but little of the social qualities of Mr. Pratt. Indeed, his time was so taken up with business during the week that he found little time for society. How far a man may neglect such with impunity I will not attempt to say. That there is a medium ground necessary to be observed is self-evident, for both mind and body need relaxation. Now, how far a person can be justifiable in overwork

it is difficult to say; this embraces temperance in all things, work as well as play. Many of the best friends of Mr. Pratt thought he overtasked himself. Be this as it may, he lived to pass the allotted period of man's life, and it is altogether speculative to say that he injured himself.

That he accomplished much of good, no one will gainsay. Indeed, the half has not been told of the good he did bring to bear for the amelioration of fallen humanity. On festive occasions, Mr. Pratt enjoyed himself greatly, yet he never permitted himself to be led into any excess, always maintaining the dignity and propriety of his position in society. On occasions when he gave entertainments at his own house he was always attentive to the comfort and enjoyment of his guests, striving to make every one feel at ease.

In conversation he was modest at all times, preferring to listen rather than talk. He never indulged in foolish jesting, though he enjoyed a pleasant witticism or repartee that gave no offence. In the company of ladies he was ever courteous and polite; with men, he never stooped to undue familiarity; he reserved to himself the right to repel it in others toward himself. This peculiar trait in his character saved him, doubtless, from many annoyances, and at the same time commanded respect. He had few confidants.

To sum up the whole matter, Mr. Pratt accomplished far more than ordinary men. He passed through the varied changes of his life and times

without the least compromise of his character as an honest man.

At one time he lost upwards of half a million dollars, besides having his business operations suspended more than three years. The strength of his character lay in his indomitable spirit and the power to concentrate the faculties of his mind upon the one purpose of his life. The same faculties would have succeeded in any avocation of life — under the same control and with the same honest and unselfish heart.

The last and crowning act of his life, in a business capacity, was his Red Mountain enterprise. This was undertaken reluctantly, on account of his age and infirmity, for he doubted if he should live to witness its completion; yet his State pride urged him to undertake it. He believed something should be done to develop the mineral resources of the State. He thought labor should be diversified in order that the South might sustain herself. He seemed to possess almost a prophetic vision, and felt convinced that cotton would need assistance in order to sustain the South.

For this enterprise he felt great solicitude. He remarked to the writer a few days before his last sickness, "If it is the will of God, I should like to see the completion of this enterprise." This was denied him; yet on his death-bed he learned that one furnace was in successful operation, and a second would soon be in blast.

Although not a native-born citizen, he loved the

State of his adoption; and Alabama has great cause to be proud of such a man. Mr. Pratt never hoarded up money, but expended all his means in building manufactories. Money by him was valued only as it subserved to the betterment of mankind. He regarded himself only as a steward; surely, he was a faithful one. His patriotism was of the purest kind, never compromising his State for the sake of popularity. It is generally known that he was opposed to secession, fearing ability to sustain the same; yet when Alabama did secede, he sustained her to the last. He probably gave more of his means to help the Confederacy than any other man in Alabama; and when the cause was lost, he never alluded to his anti-secession principles, nor said, "I told you so," but bravely sympathized with his own people and shared with them the common loss.

As a husband, he was faithful and devoted; as a father, tender and affectionate; as a friend, firm and loyal; as a neighbor, kind-hearted and generous; as a citizen, coming up to the full meaning of a Christian gentleman; as a master, humane and liberal in providing all the comforts of life for his slaves, who obeyed, respected and loved him.

Mr. Pratt made his success by legitimately pursuing his mechanical operations, without once turning to the right or the left, to engage in speculation of any kind. Reader, please observe this feature in his character and do likewise.

Nothing is more prejudicial to success in life than instability in our pursuits; to pursue any avocation,

however humble, with a single purpose, will, to a great extent, ensure success.

In the bestowment of favors, Mr. Pratt made no parade; he was a cheerful giver, and usually took the beneficiary on surprise. For many years he maintained a school for the poor children of Prattville. When new families came from the "pine woods" to work in the cotton factory, Mrs. Pratt, always thoughtful, would see that the children of those families were supplied with suitable clothing to enter Sunday-school the first Sunday after their arrival.

A few years before the death of Mr. Pratt his picture gallery had to be abandoned because of the woodwork being affected by dry rot. He sent two of the largest paintings to an institution of learning in Georgia — Athens, I think. The newspapers at the time, with proper appreciation, complimented his liberality in thus remembering the State where he spent the first years of his sojourn in the South.

Mr. Pratt was far-seeing in many ways. A few years before his death he had young men in charge of his manufacturing establishments, with his own general supervision, gradually loosening his hold on business in order to initiate them. May they prove faithful to the trust imposed in them, and may it result in great good, and demonstrate the fact that the mantle of Mr. Pratt has fallen on shoulders worthy to bear the same, like their illustrious predecessor. May they continue to demonstrate this truth, that a man may be earnestly engaged in business, yet always in conformity with a Christian life.

If Dr. Manley could have seen the sequel of the life of Mr. Pratt, I am certain he would have found that he did not mistake the man, and that his confidence was not misplaced.

Both men have ceased from their labors on earth, but their works will surely follow them, and a vast multitude, now unborn, will rise up and call them blessed.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL PRATT.

By AMOS SMITH.

ON the 28th January, 1837 (Saturday), I took passage on the steamer *Comet* for Washington, Autauga county, arriving the next Tuesday night, about midnight. I had a machine for sawing shingles, bringing it to Eber N. Coe, who had a saw-mill on the opposite side of the creek from the present site of the Allenville Factory. I put the machine in his mill, and it gave him perfect satisfaction. Mr. Pratt, with other gentlemen, came to see the machine. He invited me to visit him, and I spent the night of February 22nd with his family. After concluding my business with Mr. Coe, I went to New Orleans, and put a machine in operation. I then returned to Mobile, and again went to Washington. Mr. Pratt was then making arrangements to build a grist-mill. I agreed to get some machinery for the mill and secure a wheelwright to put it up.

I left Washington May 3rd, and arrived home at Meridan, N. H., May 30th. I returned with machinery, and Mr. Litheid to put it up, November 13th. Mr. Litheid went to work immediately, but I did not reach Washington before May 14, 1838. The work was completed June 25th. Mr. Pratt then engaged me to take charge of his gin shop for one year.

The business was then at the McNeil place, but next year all was moved to Prattville; at that time, however, the place had no name. Mr. Pratt immediately had the distance to Washington measured, and mile-posts put up. The place had occasionally been called "Pratt's Mills." William Ormsby was about to letter the posts that way, when I remarked "Prattville" would be more appropriate. He went to see Mr. Pratt, and came back and marked the posts, "One mile to Prattville," etc. The name has never been changed. Mr. Pratt made a proposition for me to go into partnership with him and his two brothers-in-law, the Messrs. Ticknor, which I accepted for a term of five years, commencing January 1, 1840. At the expiration of that time I moved my family to Prattville and went in for five years more. Then a change was made in the firm. Mr. Griswold and son, from Georgia, took Mr. Pratt's interest; but, long before the five years expired, Mr. Griswold retired, not seeing enough profit in the business, Prattville being so far from market. The son sold his interest to Mr. Mims, and in 1857 I left the firm and moved my family to Philadelphia. . . .

NOTE.—Mr. Amos Smith lived to be almost a hundred years old. He would have rounded out his century on his next anniversary. He died, a few years since, at his home in Philadelphia.

A DAY WITH DANIEL PRATT AT PRATTVILLE.

[*From the Cotton Planter and Soil*]

MR. PRATT had long, long ago invited us to visit him and examine his manufacturing establishment at Prattville, in Autauga county, some fourteen miles west of Montgomery. Our incessant business arrangements prevented the pleasure of this visit from time to time, till finally, some ten days since, we determined to defer it no longer. Prattville is a thrifty and handsomely situated manufacturing village, on Autauga creek, about four miles from Washington, on the Alabama river. This village has been built up by the industry and energy of Mr. Daniel Pratt, mainly, whose name it bears, within the last few years, probably eighteen. We arrived at Prattville as the sun was going down, when everything inanimate, with the operatives in the various factory departments, were, with the setting sun, closing the performances of the day. We found Mr. Pratt at home with his family, with whom we spent the evening to a late hour, in various conversations on the subject of agricultural improvement, agricultural machinery and Southern manufacturing, in all of which Mr. Pratt is deeply and practically interested. And we found Mrs. Pratt also, who is a lady

of unusual intelligence and social vivacity, instructingly interesting on every subject appertaining to improvements about the homestead, such as tastefully arranged shrubbery, fine fruit and vegetable gardens and terraced vineyards, which contribute so essentially to the comfort, content and true pleasure of home, sweet home!

In the morning we commenced early after breakfast, as we had a great day's work before us. We spent the first hour in Mr. Pratt's gallery of paintings. Many hours we could have remained there, had time permitted, in contemplating the canvassed scenes of passed grandeur and greatness. Its beauty cannot be appreciated in description, however; it must be seen to be fully enjoyed. From the gallery we proceeded to the gin factory, which one at Prattville might easily imagine to be the pet of Mr. Pratt's ambition.

As you enter the door of the first floor you have in full view a line of shafting 250 feet long, on which, at suitable distances apart, are over seventy drums for driving the various machines used in the manufacture of gins. This room is 250 by 50 feet, fitted with machines adapted to the different kinds of work and material employed in the construction of gins.

The second floor is used for breasting and finishing gins. It has a large room partitioned off for the purpose of testing gins with seed cotton. Fifty pounds are run through each gin, and a note made of the time required to gin it. If the speed is not sufficient, or there is any other defect found in the performance, it is remedied at once. No gin is

allowed to leave the shop until it performs satisfactorily.

The third floor is all in one room — probably the largest in the State — 250 by 50 feet. Here the gins are painted and varnished, and put in order for boxing and shipping. There is an elevator large enough to receive the gins, which raises and lowers them from one floor to another by the aid of machinery.

In the garret is a cistern, kept full of water, which is raised from a spring underneath the shop by machinery. From this cistern each room is supplied with pure cold water by means of pipes. The waste water from the cistern is conveyed to the centre of the square in front of the shop, where it jets thirty feet, and falls into a large circular reservoir.

Connected with the gin shop by a railway is a brick lumber-house, 172 feet long by 40 feet wide. In this house the lumber for manufacturing the gin stands is carefully stacked away, where it remains two years to season before it is used. An iron foundry is also connected with the shop, which works up about a hundred tons of iron annually. The gin shop turns out about $160,000 worth of gins annually.

Adjoining the gin shop is a brick building, three stories high and 250 feet long, which is used for a grist-mill, a sash, door and blind factory, a machine shop, a shop for making horse mills, and a carriage and wagon shop, all furnished with suitable machinery for these various branches of business. The machinery in both buildings is driven by one breast wheel of sixty-horse power.

COTTON GIN FACTORY AND MACHINE SHOPS.

There are fifty hands actively employed all the time in the gin factory and foundry together, many of whom are slaves, that seem to be well skilled in the performance of this work.

There is also quite an extensive and flourishing cotton factory here, a large share of the stock of which is owned by Mr. Pratt. It contains twenty-eight hundred spindles, one hundred looms, and is worked by one hundred and fifty hands, several of them slaves. It works up twelve hundred bales of cotton, and turns out two thousand bales of osnaburgs annually. The company contemplate at an early period putting up a new and greatly enlarged building for increasing their spindles and looms.

At a short distance below the gin factory — perhaps a half mile — Mr. Pratt has fitted up a large two-story brick building, in which he has already received and is putting up machinery of the latest improvement for carding and spinning wool, to be manufactured into kerseys, in another department of the cotton factory.

After examining the various factories and machinery, we took a stroll with Mr. Pratt through his garden, orchard and vineyard, where we found the same skill, industry and improvement on the soil; in a rich and well-cultivated vegetable garden, a beautiful orchard of fine fruit trees, embracing various varieties of the apple, peach, pear, plum and fig, all healthful and thrifty, and a vineyard of perhaps three to five acres of Scuppernongs and Catawbas, terraced in the most picturesque style to the summit level of

a high and very steep hill, perhaps one hundred feet or more perpendicular, the upper terrace above the lower or first. The vines are all kept up by castiron posts, set along on the terraced embankments, and wire railings from post to post. This vineyard plat, so favorably located, contains, in all, twenty-five acres of land, and enclosed by a substantial brick and picket fence.

From the vineyard we returned to the mansion, where Mrs. Pratt had prepared for us an elegant dinner, with which we had the pleasure of testing several specimens of fine Autauga wine, the pure juice of the grape, and fruit of the vineyard we had just before examined. Of this wine Mrs. Pratt had several casks, the vintage of last year.

Thus closed one of the most interesting social visits it has been our good fortune to enjoy for years past.

Of Mr. Pratt's gins, we can say to our readers in want of a first-rate stand, unhesitatingly — and we say so without prejudicing any other factory — that, with all his late improvements and the advantages afforded by his large factory arrangements, he is able to furnish the neatest, most complete and best cotton gin stand in America.

RESIDENCE OF DANIEL PRATT.

ADVERTISEMENT

ISSUED BY MR. PRATT, JANUARY, 1858, SHOWING HIS METHOD OF CONDUCTING BUSINESS, AND ANNOUNCING TO THE WORLD THE MANUFACTURES OF PRATTVILLE.

With an experience of TWENTY-SEVEN years in the Gin Business—during which time he has made and sold nearly TWELVE THOUSAND STANDS, together with extensive buildings, thoroughly provided with the best of machinery and material, and with good workmen—the undersigned feels no hesitancy in warranting his Gins to be equal, in workmanship and performance, to the best made by any manufacturer.

His Gins are all TRIED WITH SEED COTTON before leaving the Factory, and none sent away that will not perform well. He could produce *thousands* of certificates from planters, testifying to the superiority of his Gins, but the fact that his sales during the past year have amounted to one hundred and forty-four thousand dollars, is a sufficient testimonial.

Heretofore, it has been his custom to employ travelling agents to sell Gins in different sections of the cotton growing States, but as it is attended with a very heavy expense, he has concluded to dispense in a great measure with such agencies, and to rely upon Planters, who may be disposed to patronize him, to order their Gins direct from the factory. During the fall he will send persons out to see that gins perform well. He solicits the patronage of all in want of Gins. It is desirable that orders should be forwarded early, so that there need be no delay in delivering.

☞ Those who order are requested to be particular in stating the name of their Post-Office, on what road their plantations are situated, and the distance and direction from the Court House.

☞ GIN SEGMENTS and BOLTS, and MILL GEARING will be furnished from his Foundry at short notice.

The following local agents will attend promptly to orders for his Gins:

H. KENDALL CARTER & Co., New Orleans, La.
MATHER, HUGHES & SAUNDERS, Galveston, Tex.
H. P. COOLIDGE, Helena, Ark.
F. M. GILMER & Co., Montgomery, Ala.
E. M. APPERSON & Co., Memphis, Tenn.
HALE & MURDOCK, Columbus, Miss.
CAMPBELL & Co., Mobile, Ala.

The following is a statement of the business of Prattville for the year 1857:

Cotton Gin Manufactory,	$144,000 00
Prattville Manufacturing Co.,	151,724 00
Sash, Door and Blind Manufactory,	13,360 00
Corn Mill (Horse-Power),	17,160 00
Foundry,	11,432 00
Carriage,	6,500 00
Tin,	3,050 00
Machine and Blacksmith's Shops,	8,694 00
Printing Business,	8,000 00
Mercantile Business,	155,249 00
Total,	$519,169 00

DANIEL PRATT.

PRATTVILLE, *January*, 1858.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE OF DANIEL PRATT.

By Mrs. S. F. H. TARRANT.

THERE is no truer expression than the following: "The force and development of a country depends mainly upon the industry and energy of its individual men." Then, what a vast debt the State of Alabama owes to Daniel Pratt, in his career during the forty years of his life in this Commonwealth. I knew him for a period of twenty-five years. During a greater part of that time my father, Gardner Hale, was intimately associated in business for him. Mr. Pratt was seeking a new superintendent for the cotton factory. He made a proposition, which my father accepted, and moved his family to Alabama. He took charge of the cotton manufactory, which he found largely in arrears, yet the second year of his administration the company was able to pay a dividend.

My father was quick to appreciate the value of new methods and to invent others; as an illustration of which it may be related that, after he had been in control of the business a few years, he conceived the idea of experimenting on finer cloth; but at that time (more than a half century since) the public doubted whether manufacturing in Alabama would be successful, therefore some ingenious device must be used in

order to convince men against their will. The fine cloth was made, in limited quantity, baled, stamped with some Indian name, sent to New York, and shipped back to Montgomery, finding a ready sale, and was in demand. Mr. Pratt's attention was called to the cloth in Montgomery, and when he returned to Prattville he said, "Mr. Hale, why can't we make such cloth in Prattville?" "Well, I think we can," replied Mr. Hale; "and now that the little scheme has proved a success, we will ship that cloth direct to Montgomery, and not send any more by way of New York." One can imagine the surprise and pleasure of Mr. Pratt.

It is always an easy matter to behold results, but how few know of the beginnings? Mr. Pratt had a plank road built, four miles, to Washington, the landing being on the Alabama river, where he shipped his gins; but for years he had talked of railroads, and wrote many letters on the subject. I here insert one that was printed in the *Southern Statesman*, May 26, 1855:

"AUTAUGA COUNTY AND ITS RESOURCES.

"I know it will be asked why a railroad would benefit so vastly the various interests of Autauga county. Some will say we have a navigable river the whole length; that transportation by the river would not be very expensive; that if Autauga county could not prosper with such facilities, it would not with railroad advantages.

Any person who has had much experience in

manufacturing will agree with me when I say it requires concentration of machinery and capital to make manufacturing profitable, and that capital and machinery will concentrate where the greatest facilities are found. There are three things to be considered to ensure success: first, *health;* second, *motive power;* third, *accessibility to market.* The two first we have; the third we shall have if we can succeed in building our railroads — one running across our streams, connecting us with Selma and the western railroads on one side, and Wetumpka, Tallasse and the Georgia roads on the other side — the northern road to intersect this at the most accessible point, which will furnish us with cheap building materials and provisions. Let us suppose that Tallasse has two millions of dollars invested in manufacturing, which she has ample power for; Wetumpka the same; Mortar, Autauga, Swift, Little Mulberry and Big Mulberry creeks, two millions more, which would make six millions of capital invested on about sixty miles of the road. I suppose I have put the motive power of these streams far below their capacity. With the facilities we would have for getting iron, coal and building materials, we could build large machine shops, and all machinery cheaper than it could be obtained abroad. Mechanics from all parts of the country would seek employment here; operatives would flock here in abundance to supply the demand. The New Orleans and Mobile markets would be easily reached by railroad or steamboats, as also all markets northeast of us. From the West Point road to Selma

will be a link of a road running across Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and probably to the Pacific Ocean. I doubt whether as good water power could be found on the whole route as that mentioned above, and I feel confident that it will not run through a more healthy section of country. The manufacturing villages would be from ten to twenty miles distant from each other, on the streams mentioned, which I would consider far preferable to the same amount of capital concentrated in one place. We might expect better health, better society, and as changes seem to be necessary for some persons, they could go from village to village, without inconvenience to themselves or their employers. One village would stimulate another in trying to excel, and we would not fear epidemics in this piney woods range.

"Many will say that this is a visionary production. I do not expect this generation to see this accomplished, but I hope to see them make one step towards it, which is in building the railroads mentioned; the balance, I predict, will follow in due time. Should the first be neglected at the proper time, the probability is the balance will be a failure.

"From the knowledge I have of the country from Selma to Wetumpka, Tallasse and the West Point road, it appears to me to be the best route that could be selected. It has several advantages over the Montgomery route. First, the distance would be shortened. Second, it would cross the rivers above navigation, which is vastly in its favor. Third, it would build up these manufacturing towns, and thereby add

RESIDENCE OF DANIEL PRATT.

greatly to the profits of the road; and, fourth, it would add very much to the revenue of the State. The northern road would cross on the same bridge at Wetumpka to Montgomery, and thence connect with the Pensacola and Mobile road.

"These are my views, hastily drawn, with the hope that some person better qualified will take up the subject. If the route running across the water courses mentioned is not the proper one for a road, I stand open to conviction, and will advocate the best route. I am a railroad man, and what some might call a 'State aid' man. I would not advocate any railroad that I thought would not be for the interest of our State; neither would I advocate any assistance from the State only where she could be made perfectly secure. When this could be done, it would not only be helping railroad companies, but add largely to the revenues of the State. I think every county through which the road would run ought to do what it can to promote the building of the road for the same reason. Individuals may reap benefits without the State sharing in them, but the State cannot be benefited without in some degree benefiting its citizens generally. If the State can loan her credit to a company without risk of loss she ought to do so, because she would be the greatest recipient of the favor. Railroads not only increase the value of real estate, but they build up many towns and villages, which add greatly to her revenue.

"The little village in which I live would not have had an existence had not the water power been used

for manufacturing purposes; the tax of which last year was $1,623.86. It will probably be $2,000 this year. A half dozen such villages would help the revenue of the county considerably. Our policy ought to be to invite capital into our State, instead of driving it out, as has been the case for some years back.

"DANIEL PRATT."

The following letter was written by Mr. Pratt, and printed in the *Cotton Planter* in 1859:

"ALABAMA IMPROVEMENTS AND THE TRUE INTERESTS OF HER PEOPLE.

"*Dr. Cloud.*

"DEAR SIR: I have just been reading an article in the *South Countryman*, published at Marietta, Ga., written by Col. Mark A. Cooper, on the subject of internal improvements and Southern enterprise. It is an article which corresponds very nearly with my own views, and has brought some of my old ideas into my head again.

"Colonel Cooper advocates a railroad to the mineral and farming regions of Cherokee, Ga., and points out its advantages to the State. I could not but think of our North and South Alabama railroad, that would run through a region probably much richer than that of Cherokee, Ga. I thought of the great change that would be brought about in our State if this road was built and in operation. The many manufacturing villages that would spring up, the increased value of the land, and the vast revenue the State would derive from it.

"We would not have to go out of our State to procure our iron, lime, coal or marble, but should have them at home, of the best quality, and as cheap as could be procured elsewhere.

"These are important articles that we must use daily in vast quantities. These are articles that, if procured here, would annually save or retain millions in the State, and also draw from other States.

"I have also thought how this road could be built — whether there is individual enterprise and wealth near the line of the road to build it. My conclusion is that there is not. If *individual* enterprise and capital in all the States north of us have failed to dig through the mountains, surely we need not expect it to be more successful in Alabama. Who, then, is to build it? I answer, those most deeply interested; those who will reap the benefit of it. Who is this? I ask. Is it not the State of Alabama — the whole State? I certainly think so. Then I say, let the State of Alabama cut through the mountains; and let her enterprising citizens build to and from it just as many branches as they need, and as they can make it their interest to build. The number of these, I doubt not, will be many.

"I profess to be a Southern rights man, and strongly contend that the South ought to maintain her rights at all hazards. I would, however, pursue a somewhat different course from that of our politicians. I would not make any flaming, fiery speeches and threats, but, on the other hand, I would go quietly and peaceably to work, and make ourselves less de-

pendent on those who abuse and would gladly ruin us. I would use our own iron, our own coal, our own lime, our own marble, our own make of axes, hoes, spades, firearms, powder, wagons, carriages, saddles, bridles and harness, clothing for our negroes, plows, doors, sash and blinds, shoes and boots, and last, but not least, our own cotton gins.

"You will say all this looks very well, but who is to accomplish it, and how is it to be done? I say it could be accomplished, although it might require many years.

"In the first place, we must have facilities, and the most important to commence with are railroads to such portions of our territory as will make the raw material available and cheap, by furnishing quick transportation; so that a mechanic or manufacturer can obtain such articles as he daily uses in a short space of time. Instead of having to order from New York and Boston, six months in advance of the time he wishes to use the articles, and paying interest on it, let him order from our own or an adjoining State, where it could be obtained in one week, and, at the same time, get as good and as cheap an article, and save the interest on his capital, say from three to six months, and, what is still better, save the whole cost, or rather retain it in our State, instead of sending it in bills of exchange on New York, at a premium of one per cent. One branch of business will build up another, and competition in business will regulate the prices. Some may say, 'We have not capital in the South to invest in such enterprise.' Give me the other

necessary facilities, and I will guarantee the capital. Give proper encouragement, and you will be furnished with mechanics and manufacturers. I know this will require time. I also know that hitherto we have at the South pursued a wrong course. Let us attend strictly to our business, and if others interfere we will defend ourselves, and eventually bring them to our terms.

"I say, then, let us go on and build such bulwarks as will not only defend ourselves, but conquer our enemies. I am trying to reverse things a little; I get all my shafting from Etowah, Ga., say forty tons per annum. I find it a better article than I get from the North, and as cheap. I use about one hundred and fifty tons of pig iron, mostly from Shelby county, Ala. I think it equal to any iron made. I get all my lime from Alabama, the best I ever used. The Prattville Manufacturing Company work up about 1,200 bales of Alabama cotton and 120,000 pounds Southern wool annually. For the past twelve years I have been patronizing Southern schools. I have carried it so far as to bring out eight children from the Northern States, and educated them in Alabama. Some pretend to show their works by their faith; I hope to show my faith by my works, so long as God blesses me with health and strength.

"DANIEL PRATT."

NOTE.—Nearly a half century since above letter was written Mr. Pratt looked down the years, with prophetic vision.

It has been said, "Contrast is one of the laws of sympathy;" and no doubt there was something in the magnetic heat of the Southern pulse quite fascinating to a young man from New England. In those days, so long ago, Mr. Pratt met few men from his native heath in Georgia or Alabama, compared to the hundreds and thousands now found in the South, who, though from New England, are seemingly more to the manor born than their neighbors who have always lived in the South. Mr. Pratt, the young man from New Hampshire, with his cool temperament, caught the prevailing tone of geniality without losing his characteristic calculation.

The brave young man who left his native New England to seek his fortune had made a name in a few years which caused his native town, Temple, to feel honored by his presence. In 1858 that town celebrated its centennial, and the following letter was written by Mr. Pratt in response to an invitation to attend:

"PRATTVILLE, ALA., *September* 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of the 15th instant, with an invitation to attend your Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Temple, has been received. I should be much pleased to be with you on that interesting occasion, but the distance is such I could not conveniently attend.

"Will you allow me to say a few words on this interesting occasion? It is nearly forty-three years since I left Temple, the place of my birth, and thirty-

eight since I left New Hampshire to come South. Notwithstanding the length of time that has elapsed, I still look back with pleasure to the time when I lived in your town, and bring to mind many of its inhabitants. I also remember the great rocks and hills, which, on my last visit there, appeared much more natural to me than the people I met. The former I found much as I left them; but, sad to reflect, most of the old inhabitants had passed away. I shall soon follow them. When I first settled in Alabama, the distance, in point of time, between here and New Hampshire was great. It took me between two and three weeks to travel it. I can now go there in one-fourth of that time, and with much more ease. This is certainly a great improvement; but it is, however, almost lost sight of when we consider the lightning speed at which we can communicate with our friends and with business men.

"When we reflect upon the great advantages we enjoy as a nation, and the superiority of our privileges over those of any other people on the globe, ought we not to be grateful to that Being who, by a special providence, has granted us these blessings? And, furthermore, ought we not, by all means in our power, endeavor to perpetuate these precious privileges through all time? We are the most independent people on earth. We have a great variety of climate and soil — can raise and manufacture every article we actually need, as well as have also the luxuries of life.

"The New England States are blessed with a healthy location, excellent water power, and an enter-

prising, energetic people. Their soil is nothing to boast of; that, however, is offset by their excellent water power and the health of their location. Nature seems to have designated them for manufacturing States. The inhabitants have so assisted nature, with railroad facilities, that probably New England is the most desirable country in the world for that purpose. But what could New England do if disconnected with other portions of the country? A large portion of its inhabitants would be obliged to leave for more fertile regions or starve. What was the great Western country designed for? and what the Southern States? Was the former to raise wheat, corn, beef and pork, all to be consumed at home, and the latter — the South — to raise cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco for their own exclusive consumption? If so, what would become of the manufacturing States? Was California to dig gold, and keep and use it all herself? It seems to me that it needs but little reflection to decide that this great and fertile country was intended for a great and united people. We were made dependent upon each other, for the purpose of securing strength and developing the agricultural and mechanical skill and resources of the country.

"A happier people does not exist on earth. The laboring classes are better fed and cared for than in any other portion of the world. We have a population better adapted to the various climates and occupations of the country, as a whole, than any other. We are certainly a happy, thriving and prosperous people — and but one thing is necessary to secure

the perpetuity of these blessings: that is, for each division of the country to attend to its own individual interests — the North to manufacture, the South to provide the raw material, the West to furnish the provisions, and California the circulating medium. In conclusion, I would offer this sentiment: May God continue to bless us as a nation, and may we appreciate the blessing and strive to retain it.

"Yours respectfully,

"DANIEL PRATT.

"Mr. Nahum A. Child, Temple, N. H."

Mr. Pratt sent his check for fifty dollars to aid in the expenses of the celebration.

Although to write the name of Daniel Pratt as a genius might not accord with his idea of propriety, he did possess the qualities which ensure success, namely, common sense and perseverance. More than one writer has defined genius as common sense intensified.

The public deeds of Mr. Pratt are familiar to every one who knows of Prattville and the works around Birmingham honored by his name — Pratt City, Henry Ellen Mines, and others — but the personal attributes of this man are in many ways distinguished from the attributes of other great men, and should become a most interesting study for young and old throughout our land; therefore, I can conceive no more pleasant duty than to bring these before the public in such a manner as will ensure preservation. Daniel Pratt was resolved to find a way, or

make one. Surely he made a laudable reputation during life, and left a name worthy to be honored and revered by posterity. He ever strove to be helpful to his fellow-man. Not college men alone have accomplished most in life, for often the most prolific school is the school of difficulty.

From Du Bose's excellent *History of Alabama* I copy the following: "A few far-sighted men had braved the impressions of the times, and entered other lines of business. Daniel Pratt, who had become immensely wealthy in the manufacture of cotton gins and the coarser products of the loom, with his son-in-law, H. F. DeBardeleben, imbued with the spirit of new enterprise, opened mines and planted furnaces in the mineral belt around Birmingham, bringing a brighter future within the vision of development. Other gentlemen of similar enterprise saw the avenues to commercial and industrial independence, through mining and manufacturing, furnaces, foundries, factories, mills and machine shops, began to work up the raw material of dormant wealth. The compiler of these memoirs is of opinion that Birmingham owes to Daniel Pratt's thousands, used by that great developer, H. F. DeBardeleben, more than time or persons will ever give the credit."

During the civil war, Mr. Pratt spent his money freely and faithfully for the good of Alabama.

I recall an incident, when the dark shadow of war gathered over our loved Southland. A company of our best young men — "The Prattville Dragoons" — responded cheerfully to the call, "To arms," and went

with the first troops, Mr. Pratt presented to every member of this cavalry company a uniform, made of black broadcloth, trimmed with gold braid. No other company in the State had a uniform so handsome. When any member of this company came home on furlough he wore this uniform, and in every instance a private was ushered into the coach for officers. When death laid low a member of the Prattville Dragoons, he was clothed in this dress suit. Thus, the gift from Mr. Pratt served as a passport in the halls of gaiety, on the thoroughfares of travel, or a martial shroud when life's fitful fever ended in camp.

Adjutant-General (Confederate Veterans) A. C. Oxford, of Birmingham, kindly wished to furnish a good photograph of Mr. Pratt for this volume, because of his high regard and love for the man, relates the following: "The first time I ever saw Mr. Daniel Pratt he unconsciously performed a kindness for me which I shall never forget. I was going from Selma to Montgomery (horseback), to join my company, when, just as I reached the residence of Mr. Pratt, in Prattville, the rain poured down in torrents. I stopped for shelter under the projecting eaves of a building. Mr. Pratt saw me, invited me into his hospitable mansion, gave me dinner, fed my horse, then told his good wife to put some garments into my haversack. I have thought of that incident a hundred times, and revere the memory of that noble benefactor of his race."

Daniel Pratt blended the actual and the ideal — the cotton gin, an exponent of the former, and the

picture gallery (with its numerous large paintings in massive gilt frames), an illustration of the latter. It has been well said, "The habitual contemplation of the beautiful tends to soften the asperities of the heart and make its strong places gush with the waters of charity and love."

The picture gallery had two entrances: one from the flower yard, with its beautiful hedges of cape jessamine, in the centre of which played a fountain. The other entrance was from the long back piazza of the residence, shaded by the beautiful live oak trees. Skylights were so arranged that the paintings could be seen to best advantage. One end of the gallery was entirely covered with a canvas on which was represented the interior of St. Peter's Church, Rome, the processions of priests and cardinals appearing life-size when viewed from a distance. Just above the door of entrance (occupying the entire width of the room) was the painting of "The Last Supper," Christ and twelve apostles represented life size.

Then there were large paintings, as follows: "Rome," "Landing of Columbus," "The Annunciation," "Jewish Captives," and others, with family portraits, and portraits of great men, Washington, Clay, Calhoun, and others; "The Roman Forum" and "The United States Senate."

Mr. George Cook was the artist, who spent years in Rome copying from the old masters. His works would well bear the criticism of a connoisseur. Mr. Cook was engaged three summers in painting "The

Interior of St. Peter's Cathedral." This was, a few years before the death of Mr. Pratt, presented to the University of Georgia.

In my girlhood days I spent hours in this gallery of paintings, inspired by the revelations on canvas, and always grateful that there was one man — I've never seen his like — who was willing to spend money for the fine arts, and make the same accessible to those who otherwise might have no opportunity to gratify their love for the beautiful. Yes, Daniel Pratt was an artist as well as an artisan; his soul full of music, also. In one parlor of his home was a Grand piano; in the other a large music box; an organ in the library, and a sweet-toned hand-organ in the gallery. This latter was made to order, and contained cylinders for seventy tunes, all sacred music. It was Mr. Pratt's pleasure on Sunday afternoons to sit down before this instrument, and soon the grand old tunes of "Dundee," "Mear," "Old Hundred," and others, would be heard pealing out their hallowed strains, delighting him and other listeners.

"On May 14, 1859, the corner-stone of the Academy was laid. Col. John W. A. Sanford, of Montgomery, was the orator. After the address, which was listened to by about two thousand persons, Mr. Pratt invited all to a sumptuous dinner, spread in the upper room of the gin factory. The room was two hundred and fifty feet long, and there were four tables, extending nearly the entire length of the room. Everybody ate and enjoyed the dinner, and there was plenty for all. The occasion passed off pleasantly,

to the satisfaction of all."—*Copied from "Southern Statesman" of May* 21, 1859.

Mr. Pratt found Prattville a swamp, and left it the loveliest village in the State, built mostly of brick. Such a man is entitled to rank as a hero; his patient self-reliance amidst trials and difficulties; his courage and perseverance in the pursuit of noble aims and purposes, are no less heroic, of their kind, than the bravery and devotion of the soldier and the sailor, whose duty and whose pride it is heroically to defend what such a leader of industry has heroically achieved. If this little volume effects its object, then will the author feel more than compensated.

The life of Daniel Pratt is full of lessons of self-help and self-respect, and every young man may, if he will, accomplish for himself a like honorable competence and a solid reputation.

RESIDENCE OF DANIEL PRATT.

DEATH OF Hon. DANIEL PRATT.

[*From the Prattville ——, May 15, 1873.*]

FOR the first time during the existence of our paper, now stretching back into the past through more than twenty years, we clothe our columns in the sable habiliments of mourning. Daniel Pratt, the founder and builder of our town, is no longer numbered among the living. He died, after a long, lingering and painful illness, soon after the break of day on Tuesday morning last.

> "But ere the sun, in all his state,
> Illumed the eastern skies,
> He passed through glory's morning gate,
> And walked in paradise."

Since this unhappy event, Prattville has been in mourning. For the past two days our buildings have been draped with the sombre ensigns of grief. The busy hum of industry was hushed, because the great hand that brought them into existence was cold in death. All houses of business were closed. The bells no longer summoned industrious toilers from labor to refreshment, and from refreshment to labor, but only tolled in solemn requiem o'er the honored dead. Every heart was oppressed with sadness, and every countenance betokened a consciousness that a common disaster had befallen us all. A common grief

pervades our entire community. Universal sorrow, consequent upon the inevitable conviction of a great public loss, hangs over our town like some dire pall of evil. It is meet and proper that it should be so. Mr. Pratt was not only the founder, but the constant and faithful friend of Prattville, and of all her interests. They were dear to his heart; his labors and his life afford the most ample evidence of this. The people of our town, of our county and of the State, are under strong obligations to him, and it is their duty to acknowledge them. There is not an individual here, be he rich or poor, of whatever profession, whom he has not directly or indirectly benefited. It is our duty to remember all this, and cherish a grateful sense of the benefits he has conferred upon us. We mourn for the loss of a fellow-citizen, a neighbor, a companion, a friend, whose great heart was the dwelling of all the generous feelings; whose hospitable roof and genial fireside were the abode of all the domestic charities and kindly virtues of a true Christian home; and who, having evinced through life a reverence and devotion for the Bible and the ordinances of religion, found support in the last trying hour in the hopes and promises of the gospel. A great man has passed away from earth. On yesterday, as we stood by his open grave, in the family cemetery on the lovely plateau of the lofty hills overlooking his late beautiful residence, and listened to the mournful strains of vocal music falling from the lips of his neighbors and friends as they sung that beautiful, but sadly sacred, poem, commencing,

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee," the thought was incapable of repression that a far-shining light was extinguished and a strong column had fallen, and that we, who had been guided by that light and had leaned upon that column, were left to walk by fainter rays, and to rest upon feebler supports. In the freshness of our grief, it is more appropriate that we should mourn than eulogize our departed friend. The many virtues and moral excellencies of Mr. Pratt are as familiar to our entire community as "household words." It is needless that we, in this brief notice of our common bereavement, should unfold the treasures of his beneficence and greatness, or should attempt to set forth his eminent claims as a patriot, a philanthropist, a Christian. All our readers know them well. To suppose them ignorant of them is to suppose them ignorant of the history of our town, where they are written in lines bright as the belt of Orion.

In the general bereavement, ours is a particular loss, for he belonged to us. It is now thirty-five years since he purchased the site of our town, then almost a wilderness — the fit habitation for the owl and the bat — and laid the foundation of our present prosperous and happy community.

He was born in Temple, N. H., on the 20th day of July, 1799. His father's name was Edward Pratt, who was the son of Daniel Pratt, of Massachusetts. Our late distinguished fellow-citizen, Daniel Pratt, at the age of sixteen, apprenticed himself as a carpenter, and in 1819, at the expiration of his appren-

ticeship, came to Savannah, Ga., to reside. In July, 1821, he left Savannah and went to Milledgeville. In the vicinity of the latter town and Macon, Ga., he carried on his trade until 1831, when he removed to Clinton, Ga., where he was engaged with Samuel Griswold in the manufacture of cotton gins until 1833. During that year he settled at Autauga county, Ala. He employed his remarkable energies for some time at McNeil's Mills, three miles below Prattville, on Autauga creek, in manufacturing cotton gins. He desired and endeavored to purchase the lands embracing said mills, as a suitable field for the expenditure of his wonderful enterprise and genius; but his efforts in this direction proving futile, he purchased, in 1838, of Joseph May (who many years ago died in the State of Mississippi) a large body of land, including the site of the present town of Prattville, and began at once, with extraordinary zeal and energy, the building of a town. His untiring energies and indomitable industry had no parallel in this country.

It is unnecessary for us to recount the results of his extraordinary labors about Prattville. We have but to walk out into her streets and say *ecce*, and the whole field of panegyric is covered. His fame needs no monument to proclaim to coming generations his wonderful works and munificent benefactions. His monumental piles are here in great profusion. Look around you, and behold magnificent buildings, noble structures of art and genius, looming up in every direction, which will attest his remarkable enterprise

and liberality long after we shall have passed away "like the dust from the summer threshing floor." He was a fast friend of the arts and sciences, and an active patron of the church. A few years ago he donated to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he was a faithful and devoted member, that magnificent building in our town embracing the Methodist Church, Sabbath-school room above, and store rooms and offices below, costing many thousands of dollars. This munificent charity was intended as a contribution for the support of the pastorate of said church in the future.

We have not the time or space to recount the numerous contributions and lavish charities of the distinguished dead. The theme is prolific. We resign to an abler pen the pleasant task of a more extended biography. How truly does the old maxim apply to him, "*Vita brevis est; cursus gloriæ sempiturnus,*" and does not his long and useful life, full of good works and charities, assure us of his participation in the gracious promise, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die"? But he has gone from amongst us, and we would turn in cheerful Christian faith from the gloomy aspect of this great bereavement to the hopes inspired by his Christian triumphs, which attended the close of his earthly career. He died at peace with heaven and earth. The religion of Jesus, to which he was so ardently devoted in life, pillowed his dying head. Nearly four years since he had rounded the full measure of threescore years and ten. The record of his long life's services to his

country had been made up. His work was finished. He enjoyed the full fruition of that eastern benediction, so dear to the heart of man, "May you die among your kindred." This blessing was given unto him. He died as the heart hopes to die. He died in his own home, amid those scenes of natural beauty endeared to him by the joys and sorrows of many eventful years, and with the faces of family, kindred and friends around his bed. And thus this good man departed, surrounded by all "that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends."

"For him there is no longer any future;
His life is bright; bright without spot it was
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap;
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the chance and change
Of the unsteady planets. Oh! 'tis well
With him."

THE LATE DANIEL PRATT.

[*From the Montgomery* ——, *May 14, 1873.*]

THE announcement of the death of this singularly pure and upright man will be received with emotions of profound sorrow throughout the entire State. For several years past he has been in declining health; but with the indomitable will which was one of his characteristics, he continued to transact an amount of business under which many of younger years would have given way. His last illness was of about three weeks' duration, and terminated fatally at half-past four o'clock yesterday morning.

Mr. Pratt was born at Temple, N. H., in the year 1799, and was nearly seventy-four years of age at the time of his death. More than forty years ago he located at what is now the flourishing town of Prattville, but which then contained not a single habitation. He soon utilized the fine water power afforded by the beautiful stream on which he first fixed his hopes of future usefulness to himself, family and State. From an humble beginning in the manufacture of cotton gins, he soon realized sufficient means to enable him to erect one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in the United States, and his name in connection with that special branch of manufacturing is known almost wherever cotton is planted and raised. He established on the same stream a splendid

cotton factory, a woollen factory, and other branches of industry.

He was a man of unbounded liberality. His munificent donations were confined to no sect or creed, no place or people. It descended upon and blessed the needy everywhere within the bounds of its beneficence. But there was no ostentation in his gifts. His right hand knew not what the left did. Had he hoarded all the earnings of his long and useful life, he would have left behind him an estate worth a million, instead of thousands.

He was a patriot, too, in the highest and widest sense of the word. He loved his country for herself alone, and not as latter-day patriots do, for what could be made out of her offices of trust and profit. He was no office-seeker. Content to fill the sphere in which he reigned supreme, the world had no recompense of reward sufficiently tempting to lure him away from the hearts and homes of his family and friends. Had those friends commanded his services, he would have held them, as he did his purse, at their service; but he sought no man's vote for the sake of a promotion which he neither needed nor coveted.

A Northern man by birth, he was in life a standing refutation of the charge that Northern men are not respected at the South. The universal esteem of all who knew how was the chiefest jewel in the crown of honor which formed the pride and ornament of his riper years. His death, therefore, is a severe blow, not only to his family, but to his country. It is a great public calamity; and while we tender his

RESIDENCE OF DANIEL PRATT.

family our sympathies in this hour of trial and deep gloom, we cannot refrain from extending to each and every citizen of Alabama a similar recognition of the loss which in this instance we have one and all sustained.

EULOGIES

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HON. DANIEL PRATT.

COUNCIL MEETING.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, *May* 22, 1873.

Present: Councilmen J. L. Alexander, W. A. Morgan, W. L. Ellis and G. L. Smith; also, the Intendant-elect, Merrill E. Pratt.

On motion of W. A. Morgan, J. L. Alexander was called to the chair. Mr. Alexander introduced Mr. Pratt, who took and subscribed to the oath of office, and was duly installed as Intendant.

The minutes of the special meeting of May 17, 1873, were read and adopted. G. L. Smith, from the special committee appointed to prepare resolutions in reference to the death of our lamented chief officer, Daniel Pratt, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were read:

"*Whereas*, Through the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, we have been called to mourn the loss of our beloved, most excellent and venerable Intendant, Daniel Pratt — the founder, builder, and devoted friend of our town — who has ever been to us, and all the inhabitants of our now sad and bereaved community, the synonym of all that is great and good

in man, and around whom, for many long years, our people have delighted to gather and listen to, and imbibe his words of patriotic wisdom and his sage and most excellent counsel, and on whose staff we have all been accustomed to lean, and by the light of whose extraordinary wisdom we have long been safely and surely guided — to whom universal sentiment unhesitatingly accorded the place of the head of our peaceful and prosperous town, and the foremost man of our county. In a feeble attempt to give expression to our deep sorrow under this great bereavement, therefore, be it —

"*Resolved*, That while we submit with all humility, and bow our heads with Christian resignation to this afflicting dispensation of him who cannot err, yet we cannot exclude from our hearts the bitter pangs of poignant grief that our brightest ornament is taken away; that our great founder and extraordinary exemplar, who so wonderfully illustrated and embodied in his remarkable character all the noble virtues and the moral excellencies of an efficient officer — a liberal, enterprising and public-spirited citizen and a wise patriot — is cold in death; and that our greatest, best and noblest friend will never walk our streets again, nor mingle with us, nor preside over our deliberations.

"*Resolved*, That while we deplore the depressing conviction that the great light and glory of our town has departed from our sight forever, yet we rejoice that he lived to accomplish all that a great patriot, a devout Christian, a noble philanthropist, and a most

distinguished citizen and man could do to benefit his town, his country and his race; and especially, as his crowning excellence, that he did not omit that higher function of turning their hearts and thoughts from the alluring engagements and engrossing cares of this transitory life to a higher and more enduring state of existence beyond the grave; and that, having fully completed the record of a long and glorious life, full of usefulness and good works; having transmitted to lasting fame, as a legacy for posterity, the long list of his benefactions and charities, and having, nearly four years since, rounded the full measure of three-score years and ten, he died, as the great and good man would ask to die, at home, surrounded by fond and devoted kindred and friends, and in the bosom of the town which he had founded and built, and to whose prosperity and happiness he had ardently devoted the best years of his long and useful life, and pillowing his dying head upon the hopes and promises of that religion which had long been the solace of his devout heart.

"*Resolved*, That in the future we will profit by the good examples he has given us, and the grave lessons which his life, character and death have taught us; and having ever before us the noble example of our departed associate, we will take courage and go on, with new faith and renewed zeal, in the pathway of usefulness and good works which his worthy example has marked out for our feet.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Council, and that an attested copy

of the same be transmitted by the Secretary to the bereaved family of our beloved Intendant, with the assurance of our heartfelt and respectful sympathy in their irreparable loss; and that a copy of the same be furnished to the *Autauga Citizen* for publication.

"GEO. L. SMITH,
"J. L. ALEXANDER,
"Committee on Resolutions."

On motion of W. L. Ellis, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. J. L. Alexander:

"*Resolved,* That a committee of two be appointed by the Intendant for the purpose of making the necessary preliminary arrangements for the holding of a public meeting of the citizens of Prattville and vicinity, at a time and place to be designated by the committee, at which meeting eulogies will be pronounced upon the life and character of the Hon. Daniel Pratt."

Said resolution was unanimously adopted, and J. L. Alexander and W. L. Ellis were appointed said committee.

On motion, the Council then adjourned.

M. E. PRATT, *Intendant.*

GEO. L. SMITH, *Secretary.*

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Pursuant to published notice, the citizens of Prattville and vicinity assembled in the Methodist Church, in this place, at ten o'clock on Tuesday, the 12th of June.

On motion of Colonel L. Spigner, Rev. E. S. Smith was called to the chair. In a few remarks, the Chairman stated that we had assembled to pay public tribute to the memory of our late friend and fellow-citizen, the Hon. Daniel Pratt, deceased. In the death of Mr. Pratt, our country has lost one of her most enterprising, public-spirited men, humanity a benefactor, and the church one of her brightest ornaments. Such manifestations of public esteem were perfectly fit and proper, and no place more suitable for such than in a church built by the liberality and consecrated by the many prayers of the deceased.

At the close of the Chairman's remarks, prayer was offered by Rev. James K. Hazen.

On motion of Col. William H. Northington, J. W. Matthews was requested to act as Secretary of the meeting.

After appropriate music by the choir, the Chairman announced the meeting organized and ready for business.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, Col. T. W. Sadler presented and read the following preamble and resolutions, pending the adoption of which eulogies on the life and character of the deceased

were pronounced by Col. H. J. Livingston, Mac. A. Smith, Esq., Hon. C. S. G. Doster, Jesse H. Booth and W. H. Northington, Esqs.:

"*Whereas,* Death has invaded our county, and taken from the walks of life our late and honored fellow-citizen, Daniel Pratt; and whereas, by this afflictive dispensation of a mysterious Providence, our county has been deprived of one of its most useful and public-spirited citizens, the community in which he lived its head, and one who looked with parental solicitude upon every effort of honest industry — the church of its chief support and brightest ornament, and the poor and distressed everywhere of their most generous benefactor; and whereas it is meet and right that, while we mingle together our sorrows, we should seek to honor his life by imitating his example and perpetuating the memory of his noble deeds; therefore, be it —

"*Resolved,* That we recognize in this most painful visitation of the angel of death the work of him who is too wise to err and too good to do wrong; that while we feel and deplore the irreparable loss we have sustained, we bow with thankfulness for the gift of that life, so replete with blessings, so rich in good works, and so abounding in lessons of truth and virtue.

"*Resolved,* That in reviewing his long and useful life, we find the key to the mystery of his remarkable success in everything which his hands found to do, to have been his unwavering devotion to principle,

always condemning what he believed to be wrong, and approving and sustaining what was right. His position, therefore, whether with reference to public policy or private interest, was never doubtful. To be capable of discovering truth and detecting error, was to be capable of defining, under all circumstances and upon all questions, the position of the lamented dead.

"*Resolved*, That in his death the country has lost one of its purest and most earnest patriots, virtue its surest patron, the world one of its most generous benefactors; one, the works of whose hands were abundantly blessed, and the measure of whose days was filled with usefulness — one who, in all good works, was a pattern of excellence and a model worthy of all imitation.

"*Resolved*, That while we mourn his loss, we bow with resignation to the divine will in this sad bereavement, and will seek to imitate the virtues so beautifully demonstrated in his blameless life.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the editors of the Autauga and Montgomery papers for publication."

The resolutions were then adopted. On motion of Col. William H. Northington, the meeting adjourned.

REV. E. S. SMITH, *Chairman.*

J. W. MATTHEWS, *Secretary.*

EULOGY BY H. J. LIVINGSTON.

Mr. Chairman: Pending the adoption of the resolutions just offered by Colonel Sadler, I propose some remarks in humble tribute to the memory of our departed fellow-citizen, the Hon. Daniel Pratt, who quietly folded his arms in death on the morning of May 13, 1873, and his enfranchised spirit took its everlasting flight to the bosom of its God. In this hour of public gloom, while the "footprints" of the illustrious dead are yet fresh upon "the sands of time," it is meet that we should assemble here to do honor to his many virtues and commemorate his noble deeds — to trace the characteristic features of his exemplary life, and place them upon the historic page for the guidance of other generations.

It has been observed by a poet of renown that "the proper study of mankind is *man*." The biographical history of Mr. Pratt affords a volume for study and investigation more profitable to the youth of our time than the brightest scintillations from the pen of genius. Many have become eminent for their learning, and emblazoned their names high in the literary firmament of the world; but, as is true of Voltaire, Hume, Byron, and Bulwer, there has not appeared in their moral character any evidence of a conservative principle of intelligence adequate to the exigencies of man's frailty and moral depravity. The essence of *genuine* greatness consists in *goodness*. To whatever

heights genius may soar, all efforts are vain unless the world is benefited thereby; for —

> "Talents angel bright, if wanting *worth*,
> Are shining instruments in false ambition's hand
> To finish faults illustrious, and give infamy renown."

In the broad fields of literature and science these may play a conspicuous part; but, in looking out upon the great interests of time, and those which lie beyond its mysterious confines, we are signaled from afar by the blight and mildew arising from their pernicious teachings. In the hands of Justice, the scales are poised, and men must be weighed according to their deeds and moral excellencies. It is, nevertheless, true that men who are in immediate contact with the living world rarely ever receive impartial criticism of their acts and works. Man is liable to misconception in his time, both to his undue disparagement and undue elevation; but when "Death draws the drapery of her couch around him" — when the feelings and passions of his day have subsided — then the historian can record his genuine worth and noble triumphs.

We see him, then, through his mighty deeds left behind. As the islands of the azure sea are but built-up casements of myriads of departed lives, and the earth itself one vast catacomb, so we, who live and move upon its surface, inherit the productions and enjoy the fruits of those who have already journeyed to the silent city of the dead. They have bequeathed us by far the larger and richer portion of all that influences our thoughts and feelings, or min-

gles with the circumstances of our daily life. We walk the streets they laid off, live in the houses they built, worship in the temples they erected, and enjoy the towns and cities they founded. We practice the customs they established, and gather wisdom from the books they have written; we pluck the ripe clusters of their experience, and revel in the glory of their brilliant achievements. Every noble work and generous deed, every word of comfort and expression of sympathy, comes back to us through the dim aisles of the past, and is attuned anew upon the tender strings of "memory's golden lyre."

We feel this the more impressively upon entering the customary place of one recently departed, and behold on every side the accomplishment of his handiwork. Here we are assembled to-day in this beautiful temple, dedicated to God and his holy service; but *why* these sombre habiliments of mourning — these sad faces and tear-gemmed eyes on every side? Alas! the *vacant* seat before me tells its own sad story: Daniel Pratt, the founder of Prattville, the patron of labor, the friend of humanity, the exemplar of virtue, the synonym of honor, and the embodiment of Christianity, is no more!

His life is an open book, filled with genuine excellencies — on every page of which instructive lessons are given to the living millions of to-day. Let us turn over its leaves and examine the volume carefully, that perchance we may gather the mellow fruits of his labors, not for ourselves alone, but for the use of generations *yet unborn*.

The lamented deceased, Daniel Pratt, was born in Temple, N. H., July 20, 1799. He was the son of Edward Pratt and Asenath, daughter of Ebenezer Flint, of Wilton, N. H. From a scene before us, we behold the house in which Daniel Pratt was born, representing one of those quaint, comfortable mansions of the old New England style. It requires no scrutiny to discern it but an humble roof, the home of an "honest yeoman"; yet the broad fields of waving grain in front denote "New England thrift," while in the rear of the ancient domicile rise the cloud-capped summits of granite hills, presenting a lovely picture to the artist's eye. And to this day that venerable mansion of almost a hundred years is still preserved in its simple proportions — the heritage of a worthy family. This is also the native place of our honored fellow-citizen, Merrill E. Pratt, upon whose shoulders, we trust, the mantle of the illustrious deceased has fallen.

The limited pecuniary circumstances of Mr. Pratt's parents rendered it impossible for them to give their son collegiate advantages; indeed, his entire school education was embraced within the short period of nine months, broken by intervals of the planting and garnering seasons. Happily endowed by nature with a mind remarkable rather for vigor than brilliancy, he utilized his meagre store of learning to the best advantage, thereby securing a firm foundation for future success. A willing son of toil, and inspired with a spirit of determination, at the age of sixteen years he went forth alone from the paternal roof to

carve out his own fortunes, and apprenticed himself to learn the carpenter's trade. Perceiving a more extensive and profitable field of labor in the South for the development of his energies, he removed from the New England States, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, in the year 1819. Upon arriving at Savannah, Ga., he had but *twenty-five dollars* and his chest of tools. What a pittance on which to begin the great battle of life! How many youth of our country would have paused "upon the brink," and finally fallen in the slough of *despair!* But not so with our moral hero; arousing his energies for the emergency, he began work with determined vim, exemplifying the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it* with all thy might." After the expiration of two years, in 1821, he left Savannah, moving into the interior of the State, with his financial position much improved. In the vicinities of Macon and Milledgeville he conducted his trade until 1831, when he moved to Clinton, Ga., and took charge of the cotton gin manufactory of Mr. Samuel Griswold, at that period the most extensive cotton gin factory of the country. He superintended this establishment one year, under contract, for five hundred dollars; after which time he became interested as a partner in business until 1833. It was during his sojourn in Macon, Ga., that he formed the acquaintance of Miss Esther Ticknor, who subsequently became the companion of his bosom, the sharer of his toils, his fortune, and his fame. From Clinton he removed to Autauga county, Ala., with a few unfin-

ished gins, making a temporary abode near Elmore's Mills, in the eastern section of the county. During the same year (1833) he leased McNeill's Mill (now Montgomery's), on the rippling waters of Autauga creek, one mile from its entrance into the Alabama river; here he remained toiling, under a lease of five years.

The fertility of our soil and salubrity of the climate had already induced a tide of emigration hither, and Alabama, at this juncture, had begun to be peopled by planters from the old States. The staple production of the country being cotton, the demand for cotton gins increased with great rapidity, and consequently Mr. Pratt began to manufacture them on a still more extensive scale. Already, at this early date, were his gins receiving special attention, noted alike for superior excellence and durability. Mr. Pratt had thereby established for himself a reputation which soon extended throughout the Southwestern States. At the expiration of five years, however, he was unable to negotiate another lease of Mr. McNeill's mill, and consequently, from motives and circumstances known only to himself, we perceive him ready to abandon his noble work and return to his New England home — the first and only exhibition of discouragement ever manifested in the numerous intricate plans of his business career. To the companion of his bosom he revealed his intentions; but, contrary to the yearning promptings for her native hills, Mrs. Pratt declined the tempting proposition, and with the superior intuitive perception of woman, surveyed at a

glance the broad future expanse, advising Mr. Pratt to *remain* South and perfect his plans for developing the manufacturing interests of the country.

In the year 1838, Mr. Pratt purchased the tract of land on which the town of Prattville is situated. At that time it was an extensive swamp, with only the water privileges of Autauga creek to recommend it. To citizens generally it was considered an experimental and unprofitable investment. The first building Mr. Pratt erected was a saw-mill, in 1839; then, in course of time, a planing mill, flour mill and gin factory. So rapid was the increase of Mr. Pratt's business that he then found it expedient to establish a house in New Orleans, where he erected a building which proved to be one of the most convenient business establishments in the city.

Having been remarkably successful, his fortune by this time had rapidly accumulated; and instead of hoarding it up with miserly hands, he exemplified the true philanthropist by employing his vast means in such a manner as would contribute the greatest amount of good to the community in which he lived. His attention was specially directed to that species of labor which would induce concentration; frequently the mechanic, merchant and laborer were recipients of his bounty, while he ever regarded with zealous care the progress of the village he fostered. Under the guidance of his indomitable energy, the limits of the town were rapidly enlarged; even marshes were rendered tenable, streams changed from their natural course, and mountainous hills yielded to

his herculean efforts. Soon a tide of emigration flowed hither, and anon surrounding towns were absorbed in the magic village of Prattville.

To the poorer classes of the community, Mr. Pratt has ever been their greatest benefactor. The inspiration of this spirit prompted the erection of a cotton manufactory in 1846, which has since been extensively enlarged, and is now one of the best-arranged mills in the Southern States, consuming from twelve to fifteen hundred bales of cotton annually, and giving employment to hundreds of laborers. With the accumulation of wealth, an extensive sash, door and blind factory was erected; then, at a later date one of the largest, most perfectly constructed gin manufacturing establishments in the entire country, turning out annually from twelve to fifteen hundred gins. Then, in rapid succession, arose other shops — an extensive iron foundry, elegant halls of learning, a commodious Sabbath-school room, and a magnificent church (donation of Mr. Pratt's own munificent bounty to the Methodist Episcopal denomination); and all these splendid structures rising from the magic touch of the *master mechanic,* who acknowledged "no criterion but success."

Let us take a retrospective glance of days long since past, and for a moment consider what Prattville was in 1838 — nothing but a dismal swamp, fit habitation only for the bear and panther — and contrast it with this now beautiful village, nestling at the base of innumerable hills, where hundreds of homes, with happy hearts, toward the blue heavens rise —

"Where the olive grows green, and the laurels of labor
Were won in the wild, 'neath our own Southern star."

Look where you may, on *every side; behold* the productions of this mighty philanthropist, and do you wonder, worthy auditors, that we revere the name of PRATT? — when every sound of the anvil, every flight of the shuttle, and every revolution of the vast wheel of machinery seem to resound *eternal praises* to our *great benefactor?*

Ere I close, Mr. Chairman, permit me, as his historian, to dwell for a few moments upon Mr. Pratt's political principles. A Whig of the Henry Clay and Daniel Webster school, his patriotism embraced the Union, his views were positive and well defined, and, *knowing* them, he "dared *maintain* them." Ardent in his devotion to the Union of the States, he remained unwavering in allegiance until Alabama tore her star from the national flag in 1861. During the memorable presidential campaign of 1860, he was an earnest supporter of John Bell and Edward Everett. In his conversation and speeches he advised moderation, asserting that the election of Abraham Lincoln would not be a justifiable cause for secession — predicting that in such a course the country would be involved in a gigantic internecine war. The South had been injured and insulted; but before entering the field of deadly strife, wisdom, prudence and sound policy dictated that she should prepare for the *worst.* In a speech at Alida Hall, he urged the South to "build up her arsenals, her powder manufactories, and establish her navies," ere she involved herself in

war. The wisdom of his suggestions in 1860 was established as prophetic in 1865. Yet, notwithstanding his violent aversion to war, when Alabama cast her lot with the seceding States, he hearkened to her voice, and knelt in allegiance at her shrine. The infirmities of age rendered active service in the field impossible, but his ample means were lavishly offered upon the altar of her sacred cause. He expended liberal donations in equipping the first company that organized in this county (the Prattville Dragoons).

To the Lost Cause his purse-strings were *never* closed; and pardon the seeming egotism when I assert that to your humble servant he contributed seventeen thousand dollars toward mounting and equipping the regiment I had the honor to command. This is but one of his many princely donations, for his heart and hand were ever ready to respond to the call of his adopted State.

Though much averse to entering the political arena, he nevertheless yielded to the earnest entreaties of his friends, and served in the Legislature of 1861–'62 as representative from Autauga county. While serving in that Assembly, his course was distinguished alike for prudence and wisdom; eminently conservative in principle, his opinions were universally received as genuine emanations from a patriotic heart. In the Democratic State Convention of 1870, he came within a few votes of being nominated by that party as their candidate for Governor; and had it not been for his extreme age, he would doubtless have received the nomination. Universally honored and be-

loved, he was the pride and model of all who knew him well.

An earnest advocate of internal improvement, he was ever alive to the development of the inexhaustible resources of Alabama. Not only the influence of his counsel and the treasures arising from a profound comprehensive mind, but also the vast accumulated wealth of years, has been freely poured into the lap of his adopted State. The last crowning effort of his eventful life was the successful establishment of the Red Mountain Iron Works, thereby opening a mine of mineral wealth to the country, the vast proportions of which were heretofore scarcely conceived. Rising superior to the distressed condition of financial affairs, Mr. Pratt devoted his time, means and energy to this stupendous movement; and ere his eyelids closed in the slumber of death, he was permitted to see a village of six months' existence assuming graceful proportions, while from the glowing furnaces of Ironton the curling smoke mounted heavenward in grateful attestation of his manifold noble services.

"All honor to him who has honored his station,
In the land where his labor its earnest has found—
Where the works of his hands are the pride of the nation,
And the worth of his heart is the hope of mankind."

May I presume upon your patience, attentive hearers, in order to make a passing comment upon Mr. Pratt's Christian virtues? — only for a moment, Mr. Chairman — then entrust the pleasing subject to his able biographer who succeeds me? A worthy exem-

plar of that charity which "vaunteth not itself," his left hand remained in total ignorance of the bounties his right bestowed. The widow's wail and the orphan's cry ever met a responsive echo in his heart. Born and reared in poverty, he well knew how to appreciate the wants of the needy. Strangers he clothed and fed, and to the sick he administered comfort. Not restricted by limits of sectarian propriety, he considered the poor of every creed, and bestowed his charities with a lavish hand.

"As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
The center moved, a circle straight succeeds;
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace—
His country next, and next all human race;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blessed,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast."

How fondly we dwell upon the resplendent virtues of this great man — great in goodness, and great in the love of his countrymen! Yet Death has stalked in our midst "with remorseless tread," despoiling labor of her brightest jewel and the country of its greatest benefactor.

Daniel Pratt is no more; yet no marble shaft need rear its head to perpetuate *his* fame. Every sound of the hammer and blast of the forge, every ring of the anvil and shove of the plane, every fly of the shuttle and turn of the wheel, unite in bearing his illustrious name down to posterity. These silent walls and frescoed columns of this magnificent building are mutely eloquent in praises to him who has *elevated humanity*.

Magnanimous in youth, great in life, and glorious in death, he has bequeathed to posterity the inheritance of his works, and erected his monument in the *hearts* of his countrymen.

I now give in charge his name to future generations.

> "The historic Muse,
> Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
> To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
> Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
> To guard his fame and immortalize her trust."

EULOGY BY MAC A. SMITH.

Mr. President and Bereaved Friends: Plutarch tells us that Lysias once composed a speech with which a criminal was to defend himself before a tribunal of justice. On its first perusal, this poor but intelligent criminal pronounced it one of rare merit. Its profound logic, the admirable construction of its sentences, the stirring pathos of every line, and the beauty of its well-rounded periods, he regarded as a sure guarantee of his triumphant vindication. On a second perusal, however, it lost a portion of its interest. He began to detect here and there, as he supposed, defects in the reasoning, and to look forward with fear and trembling to the ordeal he was soon to pass; but he read it a third time, and what think you was the consequence? He threw it aside in disgust, and, turning to its immortal composer,

addressed him thus, "Lysias, O Lysias! why, why have you advised me to risk my fortune, my honor, my happiness, my all, on so miserable a production?"

Impressed as I am, my friends, with the conviction that my remarks on this occasion will not be commensurate with its important character, yet I trust, from its nature and the mournful circumstances which surround us as a people, that you will not turn from them *in disgust*, as did the unfortunate criminal from the speech prepared by the eloquent Lysias; for if, perchance, I can but feebly enforce a single useful lesson taught in the life of the great and good exemplar whose character we are to contemplate to-day, it will be to me a sufficient compensation for the embarrassment consequent to the position.

But why this convocation of our citizens? Why these evidences of mourning, these symbols of sorrow? Why is sadness depicted upon the countenances of our friends? Why are their hearts bowed down and "refuse to be comforted"? Aye, why this weeping of nature? Why does the cypress bend lower, the willow droop more sadly, the air vibrate with suppressed emotion? What means this voice of mourning, coming from valley and hill, from streamlets and riverside, from rural quiet and busy marts — this pall of grief that spreads its sable folds over all the land? Hark! listen! — a voice speaks with significant intonation! It is as if it were a solemn announcement from the throne of the King of kings and Lord of lords! An appropriate answer is contained in the awful interrogatory of the inspired

writer, "Know ye not that a prince and great man has fallen in Israel?" Verily, may we say to the grim, insatiate monster —

> "Now boast thee, Death; in thy possession lies
> A man unparalleled!"

It is highly proper, my afflicted friends, that we should assemble at this time — as has been already remarked by the reverend Chairman of this meeting — and engage in profitable contemplation of the late untoward dispensation of Providence. Amid the first paroxysms of a grief occasioned by such an overwhelming calamity, we were ill prepared "to reason one with another" with regard to the virtues and characteristics of the noble dead founder of our town. You demonstrate, by your assemblage here, that it is not your desire or inclination to expel from your hearts the sad reflections occasioned by the lamentable death of the revered patriarch of our community.

"Sorrow for the dead," says the great Irving, "is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open — this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the dark hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry. There is a voice from the tomb sweeter

than song; there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave, the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment." And especially is it true of the grave of our lost guardian and benefactor, that from its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. If he died leaving an enemy behind him (which I very much doubt, let him go and look down upon his grave, and feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

My earliest recollection of Mr. Pratt dates back to the time when I first, as a small child, attended the Union Sabbath-school in Prattville. He became my immediate Sabbath-school teacher, and as often as the holy day would return was I accustomed to being drilled by him in questions touching the historical portions of the Scriptures. By his care, kindness and solicitude, my heartstrings were made to cling closely around the good old man; and these, I may add, were never broken throughout his subsequent life, but, on the contrary, they rather "grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength." I trust that I may not be charged with egotism for stating, in this connection, that my teacher became very much attached to his pupil in return. Of this I have sufficient evidence when I remember that he reported to my father that my Sabbath recitations were perfect, and that, in view of what he supposed to be a bright promise of a successful future, he asked

permission to superintend and even bear the expense of my subsequent education. This proffered kindness was, of course, gratefully declined. But it caused me, however, to at once enthrone my venerable teacher, in my boyish mind, as the prince of good men, as a benefactor and philanthropist; and I rejoice to-day that I am at last enabled to make even a mean return in so much, forsooth, as to pronounce but an indifferent eulogy upon his hallowed life and character. His "life and character," did I say? What are they? Do they afford a theme proper for meditation — a subject worthy of investigation? Aye, never, never did the words of the immortal Bard of Avon more seasonably occur! They are—

> "A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man."

It is now my purpose to speak more particularly of the achievements made by the distinguished deceased in the department of art, or of his very marked devotion to the arts. To other eulogists will be resigned the duty of portraying more vividly his successes in other spheres of labor, and illustrations of other characteristics and idiosyncrasies. The department of art, especially the mechanical art, was evidently the favorite field or element of Mr. Pratt. It was with him, in other words, the *ne plus ultra* of avocations. In it he earliest tested his youthful skill and energies, spent the greater portion of his long and useful life, achieved his highest distinction, and amassed his largest fortune.

As has been remarked by the gentleman who preceded me, at the tender age of sixteen he apprenticed himself to learn the carpenter's trade. We thus perceive that at a very early period he enlisted in the mechanical art, and laid the foundation of that character whose wondrous beauty and perfect symmetry we are contemplating to-day with mingled emotions of sadness and admiration. What an example is here afforded, what a lesson is here taught to the youth of our land! The avocation which Mr. Pratt selected, and his subsequent career in its prosecution, furnish a grand and striking illustration of the importance and dignity of labor. It is at once a powerful answer and complete refutation to all that we sometimes hear said in fashionable circles in reference to the propriety of selecting the so-called "respectable occupations." Who, let me inquire, was, while living, more respected and honored, and, now that he is dead, is more lamented and deplored, than Daniel Pratt? and yet he entered upon the grand drama of life as a mere carpenter's apprentice! To use the words of one who appreciated the subject, "Toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility." And for myself, I unhesitatingly say to you, my friends, that there is no more respectable man among us than the honest, hard-working mechanic; and I trust that, so long as we are mindful of the strong tenure which the honored dead had, and still has, upon our regard and affections, we will remember that it is not the bare occupation which confers respectability, but that —

"Honor and shame from *no condition* rise;
Act well your part—*there* all the honor lies!"

The good old poet, Burns — who wrote as sweetly as the silvery streams of his native heath were wont to purl in musical ripples — never penned a truer sentiment than the trite quotation:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
A man's a man for all that."

Trace our deceased friend from his humble beginning — when thrown into a heartless and selfish world as a poor tyro in the mechanical trade, without any of the adventitious circumstances of fortune, or a helping hand to sustain him over life's rugged pathway — and follow him as he makes his gradual, but steady and unfaltering, ascent to the acme of his wonderful achievements, or to the zenith of his unexampled prosperity, and tell me how much is there in his splendid career, luminous as it is all along with noble deeds, which should evoke the unstinted praises, the loudest plaudits, and the warmest admiration of a just, generous and virtuous humanity!

In 1821, Mr. Pratt removed from Savannah (where he first located after coming South), and took up his abode at Milledgeville, Ga., in and around which latter city he followed the business of house-building. I am here again constrained to ask pardon for a personal reference. While the deceased resided at Milledgeville, he erected a dwelling-house for a citizen living a short distance in the country, in which it was my fortune to board during a part of my collegiate

career. At the time, however, I was accustomed to taking meals beneath its roof, it did not stand where it was originally located by Mr. Pratt; but my host, the gentleman who superintended its removal, informed me that the workmen who were engaged in tearing down and displacing its various timbers frequently remarked the manifest care and honesty displayed by the original builder in its construction and in fastening together its different parts. This fidelity, I may here remark, exhibited at so early a date, in the erection of a rural abode in an agricultural section of the State of Georgia, was a distinguishing feature of every specimen of his workmanship. Excellence in all undertakings was the goal of his ambition. In the glorious but bloodless victories which he achieved, the shibboleth by which his own energies were ever rallied, was the sage motto of Dr. Franklin, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Or, it may be said of him that he "made some conscience of what he did," as was Cromwell's habit in alluding to the almost incredible achievements of his invincible old Ironsides.

In 1829 or 1830, we are told, Mr. Pratt abandoned the scene of his labors about Milledgeville, and located at Clinton in the same State, where, with Mr. Samuel Griswold, he engaged in the manufacture of cotton gins until his removal to Alabama, which occurred some time in the year 1831. He first located, in this State, in the county of Elmore, near the water privilege commonly called Elmore's Mill, where he remained only about one year, and manufactured fifty

cotton gins. He then settled in Autauga county, leasing the water privilege now known as Montgomery's mill, on Autauga creek, one mile from Washington Landing, on the Alabama river, and three miles from the present town of Prattville. After the expiration of his term of lease, in 1838, he purchased the tract of land on which Prattville is situated. He commenced at this point by building a saw-mill in 1839, then a planing mill, then a flour and grist mill, and next a gin factory. In 1846 he built a cotton factory, and shortly afterward an iron foundry. At a later date he built the sash and blind factory. With the history and the operations of all these various buildings and manufactories, you are all more or less familiar. My purpose in alluding to them is to illustrate his devotion to the mechanical art, which all who have studied his glorious career will admit was the controlling and predominant sentiment of his great heart, as he heroically struggled forward in carving out his own way to honor, to fortune, and to usefulness. Without these various institutions which have sprung up all around us through the talismanic influence of Mr. Pratt's wonderful genius, let us pause and inquire, where and what would be our town? A howling waste or wilderness — a town without thrift, without enterprise, without life, without *inhabitant!* Could the last vestige of his works and improvements be swept away by the besom of destruction, then how *apropos* would be the apostrophe addressed by Goldsmith to "Sweet Auburn," the "Deserted Village":

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land."

On the other hand, let us for a moment reflect upon what this great man has accomplished through art. His devotion to art has built a beautiful town in this valley, picturesquely nestled among the hilly watch-towers which Nature constructed at the foundation of the world; it has caused the banks of the pellucid stream, which majestically courses on its way through the heart of Prattville, to resound with the busy notes of the sweet song of a diversified industry; it has made our town no unimportant locality in the geography of the country, and constituted it at once the synonym of a prosperous and happy community; it has done more — it has given employment and sustenance to hundreds, and I may say thousands, from first to last, who otherwise would have been idle, destitute and wretched; it has made us all, either directly or indirectly, the debtors or beneficiaries of the immortal dead; and finally, it has made the name and fame of Daniel Pratt and his celebrated cotton gins as familiar as household words all over the land of the orange and cotton bloom, or coëxtensive with the broad limits of our common country!

The silversmiths of Ephesus, who were employed in fashioning little shrines, altars, and other symbols, which were used in the worship accorded by the populace to Diana, would cry out, when approached on the subject of their trade, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" This was owing to a knowledge, on their part, that it was to this divinity they were indebted for their ill-gotten gains, and if the religion of the people were destroyed, their "occupation," like Othello's, would be "gone"; hence they lustily shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Aye, my friends, we mourn here to-day the death of one who was more real, who was purer, better and nobler by far — was more of a boon, a blessing to the world and a benefactor to humanity — than all the deities that peopled the brains and figured in the imaginations of the besotted inhabitants of the mythological ages!

But not alone, respected friends, did our distinguished deceased neighbor exhibit a devotion to the mechanical art proper; he also manifested a natural or native taste and fondness for the finer art of painting. How many of us remember with admiration the splendid gallery of paintings once attached to his late residence! Oh! how often, with a boyish fancy for beautiful pictures, would I resort to that pleasant retreat, and gaze for hours upon the canvassed scenes of past grandeur and greatness! Upon its richly adorned walls might have been seen splendid representations of the "Interior of St. Peter's Church," "The Last Supper," "The City of Rome," "The

Roman Forum," "The Bay of Naples," "The Annunciation," "The Landing of Columbus," "The Captives of Judah," "Christ and Mary Magdalen in the Garden," "The Landing of Cleopatra," as well as full and half-length portraits of George Washington, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Bishop Soule, and other celebrities.

Nor is this all the evidence of this interesting feature of his character. About the year 1843, when Mr. Pratt visited New Orleans for the purpose of securing a suitable depository for his cotton gins in that city, he purchased there a lot, and, as soon as practicable, had erected thereon a large four-story building for the objects of the proposed depository. While in the Crescent City, superintending the erection of this building, he became acquainted with the artist, George Cooke, and, at no inconsiderable outlay of money, he appropriated and fitted up the third and fourth stories, converting them into one vast apartment as a studio for the artist and a gallery of paintings, to be embellished with the finest productions of artistic genius. At one time it was said to have rivaled the most tasteful collection in the country. The gallery connected with his Prattville residence was erected after the establishment and completion of the one in New Orleans; and to give you an idea of the labor and expense attendant upon the execution of the fine specimens which were pendent from its walls, I will state, from reliable authority, that Mr. Cooke was sedulously engaged for three successive summers in painting the masterpiece of the

gallery. I, of course, allude to the magnificent view of the "Interior of St. Peter's Church." This splendid copy was afterward presented by the generous-hearted patron of the artist to the University of Georgia, at Athens. These facts from the history of the great man who has fallen are cited to show that he was, in truth, no casual admirer of the divine art in which the old masters, Raphael and Michael Angelo, excelled, and that beneath his practical, business-like exterior there lurked a well-spring of genuine admiration of the true and the beautiful. He was emphatically a friend to the artist, and was passionately fond of the lovely creations of his brush and easel.

I would like to speak in detail of the other traits of the character of the deceased; but I fear that I have too long encroached upon the time of the eloquent gentlemen who are to follow me. The great and good man, with years and honors "clustering thick upon him," was certainly distinguished for many noble and ennobling virtues and characteristics. I will not contend that he was wholly devoid of defects and foibles, for these are the common inheritance of erring humanity. "E'en his faults leaned to virtue's side"; or, in other words, his imperfections and peccadillos were of such a trivial character that they "paled their ineffectual fires," and were completely eclipsed by the many noble and shining qualities with which his useful life was gloriously radiant. His philanthropy was of the broadest and most comprehensive nature. Truly may it be said of him that he was blessed with that "touch of sympathy which

makes the whole world kin." His patriotism was of the purest and most fervid type; no sacrifice or effort was considered too great when coming in the way which its generous promptings urged him to follow. During the late civil revolution, which drenched our land in fraternal blood, and resulted in the defeat and subjugation of the Southern Confederacy, he contributed, from first to last, about two hundred thousand dollars in the vain endeavor of our struggling people to achieve a separate and independent existence! The deeds of charity and benevolence which he systematically performed, without "letting his right hand know what his left hand did," have entitled him to a rank with Howard, Clarkson, Fry, Wilberforce, and others. In his intercourse with the world, nothing was more observable than his very marked independence and individuality of character. As a friend of education and the great cause of the mental development and improvement of his species, he had but few peers, and certainly no superiors, giving liberally (as he frequently did) of his bounteous means to the establishment and maintenance of the literary institutions of the country. As a Christian man or religious character, aye! he was like Job of old, "He feared God and eschewed evil" — this beautiful temple (as before remarked by the respected Chairman of this meeting), erected at his own expense to the worship of Almighty God, testifying in some measure to his devotion to the cause of his Lord and Master.

But why dwell upon the beauties and excellencies

of character which the life of this singularly pure and upright man so forcibly illustrates? The thought is truly harrowing to the heart and mind when we reflect that the beloved Nestor and the revered *pater familias* of our town and county has bade us farewell forever! He is to-day indifferent alike to censure and to flattery, which the elegist has well said "cannot soothe the dull, cold ear of death." What recks he for our eulogiums and words of doleful panegyric? He is far, far above them all; he hears, he heeds them not.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head!"

Yes, it is true, sadly true, that we will never more behold the physical form of our lost friend and benefactor, and we shall never again hear the accents of truth and wisdom falling from his revered lips; yet I trust, if it were possible, that his disembodied spirit may still linger in our community, hovering above us as a ministering and guardian angel, to lead and direct our little town into ways that will redound to the welfare, happiness and prosperity of its people!

In conclusion, permit me, Mr. President and sorrow-stricken friends, to express the hope that each and all of us may practice the great lessons which his very exemplary life has taught us. May we inherit his wonderful energy and indomitable perseverance. May his course and example be, in many other re-

spects, our guide, our pattern and source of frequent reference! In this way alone can we render just honor to his memory. He has built these noble structures and this beautiful town as his own monument. "We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians." Let us preserve it from dilapidation and decay. To use the idea and, to some extent, the words of a great orator in reference to a monument to Washington, let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order and employment to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of all its inhabitants — and he needs no other monument. Nor does he need even this. This town may perish; star by star its glories may expire; brick by brick this noble sanctuary and those stately manufactories may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten — but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for human sympathy and an exhibition of true greatness of soul, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame of the great and noble Daniel Pratt!

> "His name, as passing years shall roll,
> Shall brighter shine on glory's scroll;
> Old age shall love to tell his fame,
> And youth with reverence speak his name."

EULOGY BY C. S. G. DOSTER.

Mr. Chairman: I cheerfully second and fully endorse the resolutions introduced by Colonel Sadler. They truthfully express, in language forcible and eloquent, our feelings consequent upon the common loss which now oppresses every heart in our community, in the death of our distinguished friend. When I look around me to-day over this large and serious assemblage, I see, in the gloomy face of every one, a cloud of sadness — a settled conviction, forcing itself upon all, that the shadows of a great bereavement have gathered about every hearthstone in our county. We mourn the death of a good citizen, a benefactor, a philanthropist, a patriot, and a Christian. It is meet and highly proper that the citizens of this town and county should gather in earnest, sad, and full concourse, in this spacious and beautiful temple, erected by his liberality, and consecrated by his tears and devotion, to honor and pay homage to the memory of the noble and generous man, whom in life we have delighted to respect and venerate, now that he has been gathered forever from the shadowy scenes of earth. Respect for ourselves and gratitude for all the good works, the charities and many benefactions of the noble dead, appeal to us and demand at our hands that we do all in our power, and render available every opportunity to pay tribute to the memory of his great worth and merit.

Great men are regarded as among the best gifts

which Providence bestows upon a people. This, in a great degree, is true; but it is only true of those who acquire their title to greatness and win their way up the rugged steps of fame by a long series of noble deeds and good works. True glory is based upon benevolence and benefaction. In the history of the human family, men have often risen in the world and attained a wide-spread fame, whose reputations are coëxtensive with the countries in which they live — yea, whose names have taken the wings of the morning and gone to the utmost confines of civilization — who had none of the elements and good qualities of true greatness. Some have occupied high places in fame's proud temple, and have gone down to posterity wrapt in the mantle of greatness, whose deeds fill the bloodiest pages in their country's history. Others, more deserving, justly attain to this noble distinction through the fruitful harvest of a useful life, abounding in good works. Our county, whose history is dear to all of us, has, within the present century, been visited by and become the scene of some of the exploits of two illustrious men, representative men of their class, who fully illustrate these diverse characters. In 1812, when the aborigines of our country, the Creek Indians, owned and occupied our territory — then their happy hunting-grounds — gamboled in the primeval forests and sported in the limpid waters of our beautiful streams, there crossed that magnificent stream, the Alabama river, just below where now is Washington Ferry, the world-renowned warrior, the brave but bloodthirsty Te-

cumseh. He came into our county on a mission of blood — fired with ambition and an implacable hatred, and breathing vengeance and destruction to our race. In the noted Indian town of Autauga, near the junction of the beautiful creek of that name, which flows through Prattville, with the Alabama river, and where the town of Washington was subsequently built, this mighty chief addressed to a large concourse of admiring Indians his first great speech in his grand campaign and bloody crusade against the whites. He came with a calvalcade from the far-off lakes of the Northwest, to arouse and consolidate the divided Indian tribes of the South and West in a great war of extermination against the white inhabitants of the Union. His was a grand scheme of carnage and destruction. His purpose is graphically written in the bloody history of subsequent wars. Read it, my hearers, in a score of gory battle-fields, in the battle-scarred plains of the Northwest, in ineffable massacre and carnage, in the scalps and torture of a thousand innocent victims, and in the charred remains and burning homes of hundreds of helpless families. His bloody and ferocious achievements gave him a mighty name; but what a name! His long list of atrocious crimes rise up against him, to testify as bloody but truthful witnesses at the inevitable bar of justice and history. Time passed on; the red man, the race of the cruel Tecumseh, disappeared from our hills and valleys "like frost-work before the morning sun." Our race, the race of civilization and progress — whose onward march no

barrier can impede — came to occupy the lonely hunting-grounds of the retiring Indian and to people these fruitful valleys. In 1833 — but twenty-one years after the bloody, but eloquent and valiant, chief had first planted his feet upon our soil, and had swept through the land in his warlike expedition — there came into our county, then sparsely populated and wanting in enterprise, another, but far nobler adventurer, a native of the granite State of New Hampshire, burning with the glowing fires of a laudable and exalting ambition, a young man of indomitable will and indefatigable energy. His was a mission of peace, not of war; he came to build up, not to destroy; his soul was the prolific laboratory of noble schemes, and was replete with enterprise, but it was in the peaceful pursuits of life. In early life his heart abounded with benevolent emotions, and his eye was fixed with the inspiration of lofty hopes. All his aims and aspiration, great as they were, led alone in the direction of human happiness, and harmonized with the best interests of his fellow-man. He came and settled among this people, and shared all their fortunes. He was willing to cast his lot with them. His sagacious eye soon discovered the great advantages of our magnificent water-power, and with his accustomed energy he made haste to utilize them. After spending about one year at Elmore's Mill, then in Autauga county, laboriously engaged in putting together the materials for fifty cotton-gins which he had purchased from his former partner, Samuel Griswold — with whom he had for two years been asso-

ciated at Clinton, Ga., in the manufacture of cotton-gins — and which he had hauled in wagons from Clinton to Elmore's Mill, through a wild and dangerous region, inhabited by an Indian tribe whose growing unfriendliness threatened actual hostilities, he leased the water-power at McNeill's Mill, on the Autauga creek, three miles south of Prattville. Here he lived and toiled, with almost unparalleled assiduity, for five years, upon the banks of this beautiful stream, whose perennial flow of limpid waters now laves the base of the lofty hill whose towering crest contains all that is mortal of Daniel Pratt, the illustrious founder of our town. Thrift and prosperity were the legitimate sequences of his well-directed and herculean efforts. He was anxious to purchase the lands embracing McNeill's Mill — as he said to your humble speaker on several occasions— because he much admired the locality, and regarded it highly eligible as the site of a town. But Providence designed it otherwise; and his efforts in this direction proving unavailing, he purchased from Joseph May, at a price then regarded exorbitant, the site of Prattville, with a large body of contiguous lands. His wonderful enterprise and genius began at once their active and untiring work of development and improvement. His extraordinary energy and wisely-directed labors at once, as if by the touch of a magician's wand, marked a mighty change in the wild aspect of everything about him. By dint of his indomitable perseverance he soon hewed, out of a dreary solitude, the foundations of a town. He

went to work to conquer, and did gloriously conquer all obstacles. His whole history is a verification of the truth of that old Latin maxim, "*Improbis labor omnia vincit.*" He discovered and opened up new fields of enterprise. Our then swampy precincts and marshy wilderness, the lonely habitude of the croaking frog, fit only for the hiding-place of the solitary owl and bat, he converted into the happy homes of many flourishing villagers. But for his genius, his enterprise and laudable ambition, the prosperous town of Prattville—now the seat of the arts, commerce and manufactures, the comfortable home of more than two thousand thrifty and happy people, the county seat of Autauga, and the principal town of the county, where the hum of industry is ever heard, inspiring activity, and schools and churches abound and rejoice in successful operation — would not to-day have had a place in geography. With a generosity worthy of his lofty nature, his beneficent genius opened up new occupations for the industrious poor, and encouraged a diversity of pursuits. He fostered enterprise with a liberal hand, and advocated and promoted the growth of different industries. With the commendable spirit of a benefactor, he provided homes for the homeless and gave employment to the needy. He furnished a large number of persons in necessitous circumstances with well-requited labor for the subsistence of their families. He fully appreciated the rectitude of the maxim that true charity to the poor consists, when there is ability to work, in furnishing them an abundance of honest and well-paid employ-

ment. In all this he was a benefactor, and the blessed fruits of his enlarged benefactions are being gradually but surely gathered up, "like bread cast upon the waters." The rich treasures of his long-continued beneficence will never be realized and properly appreciated until the solemn ushering-in of that great day inevitable in the impending future as destiny, when the deeds of men and the records of earth shall all be fully disclosed.

He early imbibed the true idea of civilization from his hardy ancestors in his native New England. He fully understood and harmonized with the correct moral idea and social truth that the great civilizers and promoters of human happiness are the church and school-house. They are the potent instrumentalities and auspicious harbingers of human progress and social reform. Wherever they abound and flourish, there you find refinement, happiness and prosperity. Their reign is the benign dispensation of light, of joy, and true civilization among the tribes of men. Mr. Pratt was the fast friend of education, moral and intellectual. He had intense faith in the mighty power and efficiency of a blended and co-operative education of head and heart. He always eschewed an ostentatious display of his charities and gifts. The Bible injunction of withholding from the left hand a knowledge "of what the right hand doeth," was fully observed by him, and never better illustrated than in his life. He seemed to desire to conceal from the public — yea, even from his intimate friends — a true estimate of his many liberal dona-

tions. But notwithstanding his marked and peculiar reticence upon the subject, we know that he bestowed thousands of dollars upon different educational institutions throughout the country. Many a scholastic enterprise, for years past languishing under the oppressive incubus of a want of money, has felt the electric touch of his vitalizing liberality. Every such enterprise in our community has imbibed the inspiration of existence in his profuse and life-imputing donations. Behold yonder beautiful academic edifice, whose lofty spire greets the first rays of the morning sun! There, in those halls consecrated to education, our children gather from year to year, and we hope will assemble from generation to generation, in the tuition and cultivation of their intellects. His munificent liberality duplicated the contributions of its other generous builders. There it proudly stands, and will continue to stand, a blessing to all, and a fountain of knowledge for our children, who must soon assume our places! — a noble monument, ever proclaiming, "if aught inanimate e'er speaks," the munificent liberality and public spirit of our great founder. The splendid school-house and church of our colored people — so highly appreciated by them, their pride and their glory — and the lot on which they stand, were a free offering from him to them. That race should honor and revere his memory, because he was their friend, and did for them many acts of charity. Wherever the cause of education, religion or humanity was staked, there he rallied with a liberal hand and an open purse. He came among

us without any of those adventitious circumstances that ordinarily contribute to human success. He could boast of no long line of illustrious ancestors. No wealthy kindred or powerful friends held up his arms and opened the way to easy triumph, in the long and rugged course of his arduous labors and sore trials. When he came to link his destinies with those of our people, he was poor, a stranger, and with very limited educational advantages. His hard lot in early life confined him to a scholastic training of but a few months. Being a Northern man by birth, he had sectional and local prejudices (which were then strong) operating against him. He was independent in action, full of individuality, never temporized, and ignored and contemned time-serving and mere expediency. He arose — bravely and fearlessly overcoming all obstacles, despite all opposition — by the dint of perseverance and by the main strength of his own worth and true merit. In his lofty ascent up the rugged mountains of difficulty to the proud heights to which he finally attained, he was aided and sustained alone, under Providence, by his strong and indomitable will, his unconquerable energy, and his unwavering faith, guided by the unfailing light of his sagacious genius.

A few years ago, when responding to a call from his neighbors and friends, in relating, at their request, incidents connected with the early history of Prattville, he stated that when he bought the lands embracing the site of our town, and began to give shape and form to the chaos and wild scenery around him,

his greatest desire was to see schools and churches established in the rising village which he was laboring indefatigably to build. This noble aspiration evinced a philanthropic ambition. It demonstrated that his heart was *in the right place*, and that it abounded with humanitarian sentiments. His subsequent life, replete with commendable example and good works, beautifully harmonized with the noble aspirations that formed and gilded the bright dream of his earlier years. He lived to realize the full fruition of the golden hopes that fired the bosom of the early founder. He possessed a far-seeing judgment, excelled in economy, and was decidedly a utilitarian.

Other speakers, by arrangement, have discussed the biography, and have eloquently presented for your admiration the devotion of Daniel Pratt to the arts and sciences. Upon these highly entertaining subjects they have fully covered the field of panegyric. On this interesting but sad occasion, the Christian character of our departed friend, standing forth so prominently in his useful life, deserves more than a passing notice. At an early period of his history, that potent and vital truth, which deserves and demands constant recognition from the immortal soul, sank deeply into his great heart, that —

> "'Tis not all of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die;"

that beyond the vale of this fleeting existence there surely is a life of immortality. He justly regarded

this life as a state of probation — as a pilgrimage from the shadows of this transitory state to a higher, better, purer and more enduring life beyond the grave. He felt that man's spiritual nature and eternal interests demand for him a place and a name in the church of Christ. He therefore, in 1832, united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. From that time, through the long years of his subsequent toil — through trials, tribulations, temptations and triumphs — he was an earnest, zealous, living, working and faithful member of this church, until spirit wings, in glorious victory, bore him from the church militant here to his more congenial home in the church triumphant in heaven. He loved the church, because he regarded it, under Providence, as the blessed instrumentality for the salvation of the world. He viewed everything sublunary as subordinate and always secondary to his religious duties. The world, with all its honors, its pleasures and emoluments, he held about him as a loose garment, ready at any moment to be cast aside at the call of spiritual duty. His life was an extraordinary unison and harmonious blending of the religious and temporal duties. In his remarkable character they seemed to be beautifully interwoven, and to affectionately intertwine about each other. His life fully illustrates how admirably the Christian virtues adorn the thorough business man, and how greatly they improve and elevate him in the faithful discharge of his temporal duties. Though for upward of forty years he was a member of the Methodist Church, yet he possessed

no sectarian spirit. He was no religious zealot, no intolerant bigot; no, far from it. He was liberal and tolerant in all his religious views. He was the friend and well-wisher of all orthodox denominations, and he contributed largely in material aid to other churches outside of his own. He regarded them all as tributary to the great cause of Christ, and as necessary subdivisions in that grand army of militant hosts, ever marching onward, with flying banners and shouts of victory; to the conquest of sin and the evangelization of the world. There is a strong propriety in our meeting here to do honor to the memory of this good man. With this place and this grand temple, his image is indissolubly associated. How suggestive is everything around us of his Christian virtues! Look at this beautiful church edifice, that splendid Sabbath school-room, these offices, those commodious store-rooms and offices below, this entire splendid brick structure — costing him over twenty thousand dollars in gold, and the lot embracing the same; all this, in the munificence of his liberality, he gave to assist in the support of the pastorate of the church of which he died a consistent member. Evoked by the potent genius of the place, the departed hours and the departed man come back again. Here we have been accustomed to behold him, walking with tottering steps along these aisles, and occupying his wonted seat, Sabbath after Sabbath, as many recurring years coursed slowly away. But alas! for us — for the church and humanity — he is gone from among us. The familiar tread of his footfalls will

resound along these corridors no more forever. We shall never again here look upon his venerable form, leaning upon his staff. He has here sung his last song of praise, and offered his last prayer to his adorable Creator. But, faithful to his day and generation, his works follow him. "He is one of the few, the immortal names, who were not born to die." He so lived as to leave his footsteps impressed upon the sands of time. Here, in this liberal donation, this noble benefaction, he has planted upon his grave a flower of rare beauty and rich fragrance, which will grow, as year after year circles away, with perennial freshness and increasing beauty. Here he has built a monument of his Christian devotion and piety, which should stand long after we shall have passed away "like dust from the summer threshing-floor." Here he erected and donated a sanctuary, consecrated to the cause of our Redeemer, where humble and devout Christians can delight to congregate for religious worship and to cultivate a devotional spirit, through the eventful scenes of long circling years yet to come. Here, we can fondly hope, will the faithful heralds of the cross proclaim to the listening generations of men yet unborn the eternal truths of the gospel of Christ, and inspire in them immortal hopes, whose fruits shall ripen in glittering crowns in the eternal city of God. Here is established a light whose inspiring rays will enter many a darkened soul, and will safely guide the feet of the weary wanderers from the shadowy walks of earth, across the river of death, to the everlasting foundations and the wide-extended gates of the celestial city!

There is much that is remarkable in the life of the noble dead; but, in its careful consideration, we find nothing so wonderful as its completeness. Nearly four years ago he had rounded the full measure of threescore years and ten. His fortune was made; his great enterprises were completed; his ambition and aims were all fully gratified. The grand scheme of founding and building a town, the golden dream of his earlier years, was a success. The church and school-house, the goal of the longings of his youthful and exuberant heart, had arisen at his magic touch, and their flourishing condition caused him to rejoice. The Sabbath schools, which ever secured his earnest attention, and which he delighted to foster and assist with a helping hand, he saw prospering all around him and full of hope. His family and kindred were all provided for, his worldly affairs had been completely arranged, and he fully and wisely administered his own estate; and we are perfectly assured, by his professions and works, that his spiritual affairs had received from him that consideration and attention that their transcendent importance demanded. Often, of late years, in church social meetings, with his brethren in this sanctuary, has he announced his entire readiness for the great change. He would state, with earnestness and emphasis, that he knew that the time of his departure was at hand, that the sands of his life had nearly run out, and that he was fully resigned to his Master's will. Even in the agonizing hours of his last illness, to his anxious pastor he asserted his same unfaltering trust in the promises of a

merciful God, and exhibited the same Christian resignation that beatified and mellowed the late years of his earthly pilgrimage. But he has gone from our midst forever. The great light and glory of our community has departed from our sight forever. The great record of his long and useful life was fully made up. His days on earth were fraught with good works, full of charities and benefactions. He died, full of years and full of honors, with no task unperformed and no duty unfulfilled. When we recall his memory, we think of one who had done all in his power to benefit our world and to render it lovely and happy, without omitting that higher function of pointing the way to another. We should regard his death not so much the close of one day as the dawn of another and a brighter; not so much the putting off of mortality as the putting on or immortality; not so much a dissolution as a sort of apotheosis. When we recall his memory, we seem to behold him with upturned look and uplifted hand, turning our minds and hearts from the engrossing thoughts and alluring cares of this transitory life to those unfading joys and eternal crowns that gladden the heart and encircle the Christian's brow in the beatific realms beyond this vale of tears. In the East there is a touching benediction — "May you die among your kindred!" He realized its full fruition. He died, as the heart would yearn to die, at his own beautiful and quiet home, with the evergreen water-oak and magnolia casting their shadows along the avenue of that lonely home, and gently bending to the breath of

the soft vernal zephyrs — surrounded by fond friends and devoted kindred, and supported in the trying hours of death by the eternal truths and gracious promises of that blessed gospel which, in life and health, he loved so well, and which whispers in the ear of the dying saint that gracious promise, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Oh! how precious to us is the memory of the venerated dead! For some years past his fragile form and tottering steps sadly admonished us that our noble friend was passing away; but we could not realize how great a loss his death would prove to our entire community. The emblems of mourning with which our buildings have been draped since the sad event, and the sorrowful faces of our people, but feebly express the deep grief which now afflicts the public heart. We all feel that we have lost a valued friend, whose place can never be filled. The church now mourns one of her brightest ornaments, and society a great benefactor. The feeling is irrepressible within us that, as a community, we have sustained an irreparable loss. We feel that a good and great man has passed away from earth, that a far-shining light is extinguished, that a strong column has fallen; and that we, who were guided by that light, and who have leaned upon that column, are left to walk by fainter rays, to rest upon feebler supports. Were it not for our Christian faith in that overruling Providence whose dread summons has been so often sounded in our ears, and who we know "ordereth all things well," as he "doeth his pleasure among the

inhabitants of the earth," we might be tempted, in this hour of our bereavement, to utter the desponding lamentation which the great poet has so touchingly expressed in verse:

> "We have fallen upon evil days—
> Star after star decays;
> The brightest names that shed
> Light o'er the land have fled."

The lessons of the useful life and character of the venerated dead, whom we now mourn, will be a rich legacy for our children long after we shall have gone to our final account. His noble example, and the abundant reward of his great efforts, will inspire them with new hopes, and invite them to good works and virtuous action. He will prove the great exemplar for the honest workingman, the hope of our country in this day of gloom. The poverty-stricken laborer, the humble mechanic, and the useful, toiling operative — bowed down with the heavy burdens of life, without money or powerful friends, with nothing but the brain and muscle that God gave him — looking to the noble example and great success of our departed benefactor, will look up from his toils and privations, and catching a new inspiration, will move to the impulse of high aims and lofty expectations. Who would exchange the life, the good name, and the immortal hope of the good man now gone for monarchs' crowns or the victor's wreath? His Christian life, death and immortal hopes are enough to inspire all with determination to walk with bold and

unfaltering steps in the noble pathway blazed out by the light of his genius, his works and his example. Here around you — on the hills, in the valleys, in these lofty structures of brick and mortar, in the hearts of our people, and everywhere — you will find his monuments. The world would say that a man so useful, so full of good deeds, should never die. Though dead, he still lives, and will continue to live, in his great works and in the hearts of his countrymen. Let us thank God that he has lived, take courage, and go on in the path of duty. Let us so walk and act in life that when we must depart hence we may leave behind us that blessed assurance that our spirit-feet are gone to traverse those delectable realms where nobler struggles shall task the strength and more precious crowns shall reward the victory.

And now, Mr. Chairman, let me say, in conclusion, that the good man, Daniel Pratt, having lived a life of extraordinary usefulness, went away from us, calm, submissive, self-possessed — no duty unfulfilled, earth's best honors exhausted.

"No cause for sorrow then, but thankfulness;
Life's business well performed,
When weary age full willingly
Resigns itself to sleep,
In sure and certain hope.
Oh! end to be desired, whene'er, as now,
A life of service passed,
The seasonable fruit of faith,
And good report, and good
Example, have survived."

EULOGY BY JESSE H. BOOTH.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are not here to trace the progress of a military hero through scenes of blood, or to look back upon the peaceful triumphs of some champion in the field of political strife; we here pay tribute to more substantial and enduring worth than wreathes the historical brow of an Alexander, or a Napoleon, or a Cromwell. Those were men who have written their histories in the blood of their countrymen, while the lamented subject of our feeble tribute has written his in the sweat of his own brow. We stand at the closing scenes of one whose long and useful life was devoted to the amelioration and elevation of those with whom he mingled in life. To his genius, energy, untiring industry and Christian benevolence are we indebted for the prosperity and thrift of our beautiful town. His eventful life is so fraught with useful lessons to the rising generation that he will live in the hearts of these people, coëxistent with that of Arkwright, Stevenson and Whitney, and the many other illustrious mechanics who are the recognized benefactors of the human race.

Our country has of late been forced by the insatiate archer, Death, to give to the cold, cold grave some of her greatest and best men; but none have gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returneth" so much loved and so deeply identified with our every

interest as the parent and founder of our town — he whose memory we have here met to commemorate, and around which will always cluster the fondest and most pleasing recollections, the freshness of which will never pale beneath the finger of time. He began life without property, and unaided by family influence, and with only a limited education. In early manhood he bade adieu to family, friends, and to the granite hills of his native State, and went forth into the world to work out by his own unaided efforts the grand problem of his future existence. He came as a pioneer manufacturer to the Sunny South, where the breezes from our orange groves are wafted back over beautiful and powerful streams of water, untouched by the hand of genius, energy or enterprise, and rich and bounteous mines of most valuable minerals were lying quietly in the beds where nature placed them, undiscovered and undeveloped. He found these grounds around here an uninhabited morass, giving to the traveller no more interesting music than the fierce howlings of the wolf and the mad screams of the panther. Here, too, quietly reposed in unappreciated forgetfulness the powerful water facilities of the beautiful stream after which our county takes its name, until the light of his genius fell upon them, and changed them, as it were by the wand of the magician, into a beautiful and thrifty village, that is now adorned with handsome church buildings, where our people not only profess, but practice, that religion which is the hope that brightens their pathway and the staff on which they lean for

support across the dark valley and shadow of death, to meet undismayed the king of terrors; and school-houses and academies, where the sweet voices of many children tell us ignorance is passing away, and education, with its benign influences, is rapidly spreading over our land; and here now are our thousands of spindles and flying shuttles, conducted by a happy population, as virtuous, honorable and deserving as inhabits the soil of Alabama.

It was Daniel Pratt who illustrated and proved here that inflexible truth of labor and energy being superior to all other human powers which have been given to us, inhabiting but for a short time this little planet. It was he who, by making the proper use of those means which nature had given him, made Prattville the Lowell of our State and the leading gin manufactory of the world, and himself a name that must and will go, shining brightly, into the manufacturing history of our own united America — where the sweet music of enterprise and prosperity now comes forth upon every wind, from the cold and snowy regions of the State of Maine to the turbid waters of the Rio Grande. Not only was he great in turning a forest into a most prosperous town, but he was great as an inventor. Most valuable and beneficial improvements he has made upon the original invention of Whitney, until he has made his name and the popularity of his gins a fireside talk throughout the cotton regions of the country. And thus he has given himself a history that should go side by side with our Fulton, whose inventive talent and hard

work have spotted the seas and every prominent water with mansion-like steamers; and our Morse, who has obliterated distances, driven out communicative obstructions of oceans, and linked together all civilizations with the means of immediate interviews; and our no less greater Franklin, the American printer, philosopher, statesman, author and model of common sense — he who answered the sublime interrogatory addressed to Job, "Canst thou send forth lightnings, that they may go and say unto them, Here we are?" Yes, they now come at our command and say, "Here we are, ready to do your work." The name of Franklin — he who first opened the way for the subjugation of the fire of heaven to the human will — deserves no more praise and commemoration at our hands than the name of our great founder and beloved friend. I have been no careless observer of men who, controlled by events or controlling them, have stood prominent among them; but I say, and with a deep conviction of its truth, that I have never been brought into contact with a man who possessed more native sagacity, higher powers of observation, greater probity of purpose, more ardor or firmness of resolution, than Daniel Pratt. His self-reliance was wonderful; no misfortune or extraordinary event ever clothed his brow with shadows of gloom. I have seen him, and been intimately associated with him, when the sun of prosperity seemed to be about forever eclipsed against him, and the labors of his life given up at the altar of mad revolution. It was then our great government, mourning and weeping

over the loss of the thousands upon thousands of our best and most gallant men, threatened severely and sweepingly to punish the leading property-holders of her recklessly erring sons; but even then, when all were wailing and quailing before the immense clouds that were gathering around them, he would walk onward in the fields of labor with the firmness and daringness of one clothed alone in garments of purity and greatness. It was then, when heaviness of heart weighed down the bosoms of all who had travelled in the roads of luxurious ease, and fiery lightnings and gloomy forebodings surrounded the doors of those who formerly could boast of their huge chests of gold, that his most striking trait of self-reliance and ever-earnest efforts was most strikingly and plainly exhibited. It was then he became the soul, the animating principle of our people, cheering their drooping spirits, reinspiring their confidence in the never-failing success of labor, and nerved and cheered them onward to more vigorous efforts in the broad and useful fields of internal improvements. It was then that he took largely from his own pocket, and sent it forth in favor of the enterprises of our town and the happiness and welfare of our energetic and Christian people. Not, like Nero, did he "fiddle while Rome burned"; but when his own career of usefulness seemed to be about ended, and the belief that the roads to prosperity were blockaded was so prevalent, he then, by his vigorous actions, like one of England's bravest warriors, attracted united and enthusiastic attention to his feather of determination.

He was, indeed, an extraordinary man. When questions presented obstacles, he counselled and thought deeply; when his own convictions were clear, he seldom referred to the views of others; and never was he influenced or controlled by the clamors of foolish and idiotic public opinion. Shallow philosophers, deluded patriots, and erring statesmen had no sway or influence over his actions; but when once decided upon his plan of action, he moved forward as bravely and thoughtfully as did Cæsar in crossing the Rubicon. He was emphatically and truly a man with a powerful mind, and of stern resolve and positive will. He had the gallant courage, both moral and physical, to dare and to do whatever he thought proper and necessary to the successful issues of the dictates of his deep mind. He was withal a good citizen, cheerfully obedient to the laws of his country, and ever devoted to the honor, dignity and glory of the people — and especially to those people who earn their living by honest toil, and who, now rising above the embarrassments of the past, will ere long, like the favored children of Israel, be recognized the favorite, most powerful and highly respected part of our entire population. He had the faculty of persuading himself that whatever measure or course of policy he resolved upon and strongly desired to accomplish was proper and necessary for the public welfare. As a friend, he sustained and supported those who, by honest labor and self-effort, embedded themselves within his affections, with an ardor and zeal inclosed and strengthened by the misfortunes, embarrassments

or dangers of the occasion. He left to others those formal details which friendship imposes, and reserved to himself the more trying, and therefore the more honorable, position of sustaining his friends when dangers and adversities gathered thickest around them.

I have seen him when he was clothed with official powers, and it was then he showed forth his finer qualities of humanity and comeliness of heart. He treated with the greatest politeness, and acted with feelings of compassion toward those who were brought before him to receive at his hands an enforcement of the laws. On the first Monday of September, 1866, he was unanimously elected Intendant of Prattville, a position he continued to hold, being reëlected at each succeeding election, and at each time without any opposition whatever, until the time of his death. During the term of his service in the Legislature of the State, I was not in this State; but, notwithstanding it was a most unpropitious time, when hunger, want and starvation flapped their alarming wings around the doors of many of the people, and the ship of State was being tossed amid the darkening waves of the great cyclone of war, he is said to have sustained the cause in whose interest he was then acting with great assiduity, yet an affable demeanor distinguished his conduct with his friends and brother legislators. High up in the list of legislators and the prominent men of this country would his name now stand; but the country passed through her most stormy political seas at a time when

the people, blinded by the dust of delusive clouds, saw not the statesmanship and truth of his policy, expressions and views. He opposed the rash policy of adding another illustration and example of the fallacy of Napoleon's rash march upon Moscow; he did not believe, as some did, that Southern chivalry was superior to any other, and the South was going to meet a timid foe. But, coming himself from the industrious regions of the mighty, freedom-loving North, he well knew than her sons none were braver or more loyal to the flag of their fathers. He denounced and most strongly opposed the policy of those who seemed only to deserve the reputation of a Brutus in the assassination of Cæsar, or of him who burned down the Ephesian temple. But could all have seen as he saw, and acted as he desired they should act, the thousands of hearthstones that are now clothed in mourning would be brightened by the smiles of good, brave and daring boys, who have been sacrificed on the fields of reckless folly. From the early days of Troup and Quitman, he called upon all to remember and follow the warning advice of Washington, and the deep and loyal pleadings of Clay and Webster. Now the storms have blown over which redden our history, but stain not his record in heaven!

It is true, when the eventful circumstances of 1860 came, he, like others, went with the immediate powers around him, and bravely entered into the simoon winds of the Sahara-like march. When centuries shall have passed over us, bringing with them the

mutations or prosperities that belong to the lapse of ages, and our country yet be fulfilling her magnificent destiny, then, in times now shut out from our vision by the far-away future, those of remote generations who may inhabit these regions will be carried back, by associations and feeling recollections, to the early history of our town: and, turning aside to his modest and unostentatious tomb, there will meditate upon his eventful history, and recall the example, while they bless the name of Daniel Pratt. Ever will they be ready to go forth and search out the sequestered spot of his tomb; and there, pouring forth the gushing tributes of their hearts, they will recall his rare gifts of deep insight, keep discrimination, rapid combination, plain, direct and convincing actions. His was no negative or unmarked career, no meteor-like appearance upon the theatre of affairs, to blaze and dazzle for a moment and then pass away forever; but, both as a good citizen and true Christian, he has left his impress upon the country and its prosperities, striking and indelible. We cannot fathom that mysterious wisdom that governs the life and death of us all. The death of such a man, who none knew but to admire, nor named but to praise, furnish us one of those serious and impressive lessons which come to us in all the walks of life, and appeal to us to so live that when our summons comes to join the innumerable caravan which moves to the mysterious realm, we should be prepared to go and leave our record here as the summons may find it. He has passed over the troubled sea of life upon whose bil-

lows we are now tossed; and may we not all hope that his immortal spirit, now freed from the shackles of earth, walks with God, high in the realms of bliss? I would be base to the noblest feelings of the human heart were I not to cherish, with fond remembrance, his name. When my young thoughts first took cognizance of the fact that I have a country, my eye was attracted to his rare successes and grand career. I have been taught from childhood to study, admire and honor him, even if I had no heartfelt sigh to pour out here, if I had no tear for the coffin's lid. I should do injustice to the teachings of my life if I did not willingly raise my voice to swell the accents of the profoundest public sorrow. Our dear old family Bible records the birth, yea, the death of Daniel Pratt Booth, my bright and interesting little brother — the sad and unexpected news of whose death came to me while I was separated from my home by the fiery chasm of war. Mr. Pratt, though confined to his bed for a number of weeks, suffered patiently, submissively and hopefully until his death, and then he passed away as calmly as one going into the repose of sleep.

> "Like shadows thrown softly and
> Sweetly from a passing cloud,
> Death fell upon him."

The entire absence of equivocation or disguise in all his acts was his master-key to the popular heart; for while the people will forgive the errors of a bold and open nature, he sins past forgiveness who delib-

erately deceives them. We were never in doubt as to his opinions and purposes. In all the contests of his time, his position on great public questions was clear as the sun in a cloudless sky. Our consolation is, that he was not taken in the vigor of his manhood, but sunk into the grave at the close of a long and useful career. Every memorial of such a man will possess a meaning and a value to the rising generations. His grave will be a hallowed spot. Great memories will cluster there; and all, as they visit it, may well exclaim:

> "Such graves are pilgrim shrines—
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

Looking over this building, every object which attracts my eye admonishes me that a good man and great benefactor has departed from among us. He is gone. Daniel Pratt — the idol of his friends, the ornament of our town — has passed forever from our view; but the memory of his virtues and of his services will be gratefully embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, and generations unborn will be taught to lisp, with reverence and enthusiasm, his name. While his body is buried in the dust from which it came, we might bury by its side the records of our country's history, bury the hearts of living millions, bury the mountains, the rivers and the lakes, and the spreading lands from sea to sea — even then we would not bury Daniel Pratt; for he is in other lands, and speaks in other tongues and to other times than

ours. I wish I could do something to add to his fame; but he has built for himself a monument of immortality, and left to his friends no task but that of soothing their own sorrow for his loss. We pay to him the tribute of our tears; more we have no power to bestow. Patriotism, honor, genius, courage, have all strewed their flowers around his name; and well they may, for he was the peer of them all. There is a lesson taught no less in the life than in the death of every man — eminently so in the case of one who has filled a large space and occupied a distinguished position in the thoughts and regard of his fellow-men. Particularly instructive at this time is the event which we now deplore, although the circumstances attending his decease are such as are calculated to assuage the grief which necessarily ensues. His time had fully come; the threescore and ten, the ordinary period of human life, had for some years been passed.

> "Oh! think how, to his latest day,
> When Death, just hovering, claims his prey,
> Firm at labor's post he stood!
> Each call for needful rest repelled—
> With dying hand the rudder held."

Mr. Speaker, in a character so illustrious and beautiful, it is difficult to select any point for particular notice from those which go to make up its whole proportions; but we may now, around his honored grave, call to grateful recollection that invincible spirit which no personal sorrow could sully and no disaster could ever overcome. Be assured, sir, that

he has, in this regard, left a legacy to the young men of our country of freedom almost as sacred and as dear as that liberty of which his life was a blessed illustration.

"Adieu, a last adieu to thee," Daniel Pratt! The hearts of all thy people are melted because of the thought that thou art gone! Could we have held the hand of the insatiate archer, thou hadst not died, but thou wouldst have tarried with us in the full grandeur of thy usefulness and greatness. But we thank our Heavenly Father that thou wast given to us, and that thou didst survive so long!

EULOGY BY WM. H. NORTHINGTON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I appear before you on this occasion for the purpose of performing one of the most melancholy, and yet, in some respects, one of the most pleasant duties of my life. Paradoxical as such a declaration may at first appear, it is nevertheless true. It is melancholy in this, that I am called upon to speak of an event which has saddened the hearts of an entire community; an event which has produced the most profound sorrow and regret throughout the entire State; an event which has clothed our town in the habiliments of mourning for weeks past; an event which has thrown a shade of gloom over the county of his adoption; an event which deprived Prattville at once of its

founder and benefactor. It is pleasant in this, that it affords me an opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of one of the purest and best men I ever knew, and to comment briefly upon a few of his many virtues and shining qualities, and present them, not only to excite the admiration of devoted friends and acquaintances, but to hold them up as examples eminently worthy of imitation by the old, the middle-aged and the youth of our country.

I formed the acquaintance of the distinguished deceased in my early manhood, about twenty-six years ago, when he was in the meridian and prime of life; consequently, I have no personal knowledge of his early history, and shall, therefore, in the remarks which I have the honor to submit on this occasion, confine myself chiefly to his characteristics, or the leading and prominent features of his character, his biography or history having been fully and ably discussed by the gentlemen who have preceded me. Mr. Pratt was endowed by nature with extraordinary mental powers, with a strength, depth and clearness of mind far above mediocrity, with powers of perception almost unequalled, and with a judgment that was almost unerring. But the mere possession of these rare faculties of mind, without other faculties or traits of character to give force and direction to them, would have been comparatively worthless to the possessor and to mankind. It would not be unlike the possession by the miser of untold treasure, or the precious metals or minerals locked up in the bowels of the mountains, undeveloped; but, fortunately for

mankind, and especially so for the State of his adoption. Mr. Pratt was lavishly supplied by nature with traits of character which developed and utilized these rich mental endowments. The most prominent and striking of these traits were an indomitable will, fixedness or tenacity of purpose, coupled with an unbending energy. When any enterprise, either of a public or private character, presented itself to him, or was suggested by others, he canvassed thoroughly its practicability and utility, and if it met the approval of his clear and almost unerring judgment, he had only to will its accomplishment and bring to bear his tenacity of purpose and unyielding energy, and its consummation became a fixed fact. Difficulties and obstacles which to ordinary minds seemed insurmountable, vanished in the presence of this extraordinary combination of powers. The inauguration and completion by him, during a long and eventful life, of enterprises which not only enriched and distinguished him, but conferred upon his fellow-men blessings and advantages which are incalculable, and the fact that every important undertaking of his life was crowned with the most triumphant success, fully sustained the estimate which I have placed upon these prominent traits of his character. But, in order to illustrate it more fully, I will briefly call your attention to a few of his achievements.

In the year 1833, he settled in this county, a stranger, without capital or influential friends to aid him; but, notwithstanding these unfavorable surroundings, he commenced the manufacture of cotton-

gins on a small scale, without the aid of steam or water, and boldly entered the field, a competitor with old and established manufacturers. A few years found him master of the situation, his competitors vanquished or left far in the distance. He amassed a princely fortune, and established for himself a reputation as a financier and manufacturer as imperishable as the granite hills of his native State. Having acquired capital and influence, he directed his attention to other branches of manufacturing, and conceived the idea of concentrating capital and erecting a factory for manufacturing our staple into fabrics, and at the same time lay the foundation for a town. This he accomplished by utilizing the water-power at the point selected for his future operations, and inviting others to share with him its advantages upon the most generous and liberal terms. This was, at that day, a bold, and was regarded by many as a hopeless, or at least an unpromising undertaking. Difficulties were encountered and overcome, which would have discouraged and paralyzed the energies of most men; but to him these difficulties were but incentives to renewed exertions. He surveyed the field calmly, estimated the chances of success or failure, and arrived at the conclusion that it was practicable. He willed its accomplishment, and directed his mighty energies to the accomplishment of the conceptions of his great mind.

It is scarcely necessary that I should inform this audience that his fondest hopes were realized abundantly. A town bearing his name, with a population

of three thousand inhabitants, as remarkable for their intelligence and refinement as they are for industry and thrift, attest its truth. Having accomplished all that seemed attainable at present in this, the field of his early labors, we find him directing his attention to the undeveloped mineral wealth of the mountain regions of our State. During the late war a company was organized, and chartered by competent authority, for the purpose of manufacturing iron in that locality. This company procured the necessary machinery, erected furnaces, and commenced operations; but an invading army demolished their works, and the lands of the company became a waste, and the stock almost valueless. Such was the condition of things seven years after the last gun had signalized the close of the war of sections. Being one of the stockholders, he examined the wreck, the extent of the damages, the character and quality of the ore, and locality; and having arrived at the conclusion that the manufacture of iron on the lands owned by the company could be made a success — which would enrich the company, confer incalculable benefits upon the section of its locality, and the State at large — he caused the stockholders to be convened, aroused their sluggish energies, and inspired them with hopes of success. The result was, that he was chosen president of the company, and at once proceeded to the task assigned him. The fact that he had undertaken the work of reconstruction inspired confidence, and the result has fully established the correctness of his conclusions, the wisdom of his counsels, and the practicability of

his plans. Ironton to-day teems with life, and Red Mountain is rapidly yielding up her buried treasure.

His success in life is mainly attributable to the traits of character to which I have briefly alluded; but were I to stop here, I should do great injustice to the memory and reputation of the deceased — the picture would be sadly incomplete — it would be as the body bereft of the soul. The acquisition of wealth and distinction is a common and frequent occurrence in the history of mankind, and is not unfrequently found in the possession of heartless and unfeeling men. It is much more important to the world to know how a man uses his wealth, talent and influence than to be informed of the manner of their acquisition. If a man use his wealth and influence for self-aggrandizement alone, he is neither a philanthropist nor a benefactor, and is neither entitled to the respect nor gratitude of his countrymen. If the distinguished deceased had been a narrow-minded, selfish man, with contracted views of benevolence and public spirit, you would not have witnessed this outpouring of his neighbors and countrymen, anxious to do honor to his memory; Prattville would have been a wayside village, without churches, academies, or other evidences of intelligence, refinement, or a high order of civilization. But Mr. Pratt possessed other traits of character, to which I have not yet alluded, which gave direction to his vast wealth and influence, and established for him a reputation and distinction second to no man in the South. Among the most prominent of these traits were philanthropy, benevolence,

charity, public spirit, patriotism, and an unfailing devotion to the Christian religion. His philanthropy prompted him to invest his capital and exert his influence so as to confer the greatest blessings upon the largest number of the destitute and laboring poor of his section. His benevolence and charity caused him to aid, with his purse and influence, every institution and enterprise which tended to promote education, virtue, intelligence and religion, or to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity. His public spirit induced him to engage in enterprises which tended to develop the resources of the State. His devotion to the Christian religion prompted him to give liberally and largely of his means to the spread of the gospel and the building up of the church of God on earth. His patriotism prompted him to support every measure of the government which, in his opinion, tended to promote the interest of the whole country, and to advocate, with ardor, warmth and zeal, every principle or political measure which tended to promote good government, and to oppose with equal zeal and earnestness every principle or measure which, in his opinion, tended to degrade or oppress the people of any portion or section of our common country.

By way of illustration, I will briefly comment upon each of the traits to which I have alluded, though not in the order in which they are mentioned. And first, as to his philanthropy and public spirit. What induced Mr. Pratt to invest so large a portion of his capital, and devote so much of his valuable time in

the manufacture of cotton yarns and fabrics? Was it because it promised a larger yield of profits than any other investment he could have made? This question must be answered in the negative by every reflecting and well-informed gentleman and lady in my hearing. The manufacture of cotton goods at that time in the South was an experiment, and the results of the few enterprises of a similar character in the Southern States were neither promising nor such as to inspire confidence of success, and there were many openings for investments which would have yielded large and certain profits, without even the hazard of loss. This being the case, the only conceivable motive which could have influenced him was a desire to benefit the laboring poor, and to develop the resources of the State of his adoption. Who have been the principal beneficiaries of this magnificent cotton factory, at once the pride and ornament of our town? Mr. Pratt — who invested in it, more than a third of a century ago, over fifty thousand dollars, and from which he has never realized one dollar in interest or profits, in good money — or the hundreds and thousands of feeble women, dependent and helpless children, and old and decrepid men, who have derived a comfortable support from it? Those who could not have supported themselves by honest industry in any other branch of industrial pursuits — or the intelligent mechanics who have been afforded not only the means of support, but have accumulated capital and set themselves up in profitable pursuits — or the doctor, lawyer, merchant and honest laborer — all of

whom have been the beneficiaries of such investments? But if there are any who are skeptical as to the correctness of my conclusions touching the motives which influenced him in making this investment, it is only necessary that I should refer to one circumstance in order to dispel every doubt on the subject. At the close of the terrible and cruel war between the States (which terminated so disastrously to our section, leaving our people depressed, destitute and impoverished, and especially the non-producing poor, who were left without bread or money to purchase it), this company had on hand a large supply of cotton, which was at that time commanding fabulous prices, the sale of which would have reimbursed the corporators for their investments, and left them this splendid factory, with all of its machinery and appurtenances, together with improved real estate of great value, a net profit, to be operated at a more favorable period for manufacturing in the future. A portion of the stockholders favored a sale of said cotton, and a stoppage of the operations of the factory until a more auspicious time should arrive in the future for such operations. Mr. Pratt met the proposition with firm and unyielding opposition, and based his objections to such a course exclusively upon grounds of humanity. Taking the position that it would be cruel and unjust to the operatives whom they had collected together in the days of prosperity to serve them in manufacturing; that it would deprive them of the means of support at that terrible and trying moment, and leave them beggars, dependent upon the grudg-

ing charity of a hostile and conquering power. He advocated running or operating it, regardless of profit or loss. His counsels prevailed, and the business of manufacturing was carried on, at a loss of nearly twenty-five per cent., for nearly two years.

I give this as one instance illustrative of the motives influencing him in his investments. Such was the character of all the enterprises in which he engaged or invested his capital. Others were benefited as much, and frequently more than himself, by them. The immense amount of money which he has collected together and invested in the manufacture of iron (heretofore alluded to), is affording profitable employment to hundreds, and at no distant day will give employment to thousands of the sons of toil; and the magnificent success achieved by him in developing the resources of Red Mountain will attract millions of capital to our State, to be invested in the development of the inexhaustible mineral resources of her mountain regions, the effect of which will be to gather within our borders artisans, mechanics and laborers, enrich our people and make Alabama one of the wealthiest and most desirable States in the Union.

His benevolent heart and charitable disposition prompted him to aid, with his influence and purse, every enterprise or undertaking which promised relief to suffering humanity, or which tended to elevate and refine society; hence, schools, academies, colleges, churches and charitable institutions of every kind were the peculiar objects of his bounty, and

never appealed to him in vain for his counsel or money. And although it is true that institutions connected with the branch of the church of his choice drew more largely upon his liberality and Christian benevolence than others, it is equally true that such was his nobility of soul and liberality of sentiment that he often disregarded sectarian lines and gave liberally to institutions connected with other branches of the Christian church. The name of Daniel Pratt is enrolled upon the records of nearly every institution of learning of any prominence, and every charitable institution in our State, and was placed there in consequence of some generous donation made by him. Hundreds of the young men and women of this Commonwealth are indebted to the deceased for the advantages of education which they have enjoyed. Hundreds of naked and starving orphans have been relieved and made comfortable by his generous bounty, and their little hearts have often beat faster and their sad countenances grown brighter at the mention of his name. But the instances of his charity are more numerous, and the effect of his benevolence and public spirit are more striking, in the vicinity of his home. The widow and the orphan, the old and helpless, never appealed to him in vain. His house was the seat of hospitality, open alike to the rich and the poor. During the late war, when nearly all the able-bodied men were in the field, battling for all that rendered home attractive or life desirable, their wives flocked to his office, seeking means to buy bread and clothing for themselves and little ones; and when

they left it, their bright countenances and smiling faces proclaimed the results of their visits. The magnificent block of buildings, a portion of which we now occupy; the splendid male and female academy; our beautiful cemetery, in which sleep our precious dead; and the bridges which span the beautiful and unfailing stream which propels the machinery of our factories and workshops — bear silent but unerring testimony to his benevolence and public spirit, and will stand for ages to come as monuments to his name and memory.

But the crowning trait or feature of the character of the deceased, and that which shed an undying lustre upon his mental and moral structure, and without which it would be shorn of much, if not most, of its beauty and symmetry, was his unwavering piety and devotion to the Christian religion; without this, all would have been "vanity and vexation of spirit." The irreligious man may amass wealth and attain distinction, and even enroll his name high in the "niche of fame"; and yet, it might be better for mankind that he had never lived. I might illustrate the correctness of this position by an array of historical names and facts, but one is sufficient for my purpose. Take Byron as a type of this class. Who has not felt the deep breathings of his mighty genius? and yet, who that bends the knee of reverence at the shrine of religion but entwines a wreath of cypress with the laurels that encircle his brow, and lament that his harp was unattuned to nobler themes? It was this trait that sustained him through the vicissi-

tudes of a long and eventful life, and made his dying moments as calm as an infant's dream.

All that is mortal of this great and good man has passed away; but deeds like his can never sink behind the hills of the past. The name and fame of Daniel Pratt will live and bloom for ages to come, upon the brightest pages of Alabama's history. The highest tribute that neighbors and friends can pay the deceased is to cherish his memory and emulate his example.

MERRILL E. PRATT.

Of the many noble characters that have distinguished Southerners as a hospitable people, Merrill E. Pratt ranked among the first. Though dead for nearly a decade, the memory of this lovable man is kept green in the hearts of our people. Mr. Pratt was a nephew of the immortal Daniel Pratt, and at the death of the great founder of our town fell heir to half of his estate. The other half went to Mrs. Ellen DeBardelaben, who afterwards sold out to Mr. Merrill E. Pratt. Mr. Pratt's big heart and hand was ever open to charity. The poor and needy of our community miss him. He was a friend, indeed, to all charitable institutions. His political friends used him as bondsman, and on one occasion he had a large sum to pay to the State. He was a man generous to a fault, of great, good and noble impulses, loved by all, and when he was stricken down on that sad day, November 23, 1889, Prattville and the whole Commonwealth sustained an irreparable loss. He was born February 23, 1828, in Temple, N. H.

MERRILL E. PRATT.